THE LIBERATOR
—IS PUBLISHED—
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
—AT—
221 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 6.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, General Agent.

☞ TERMS—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, in advance.

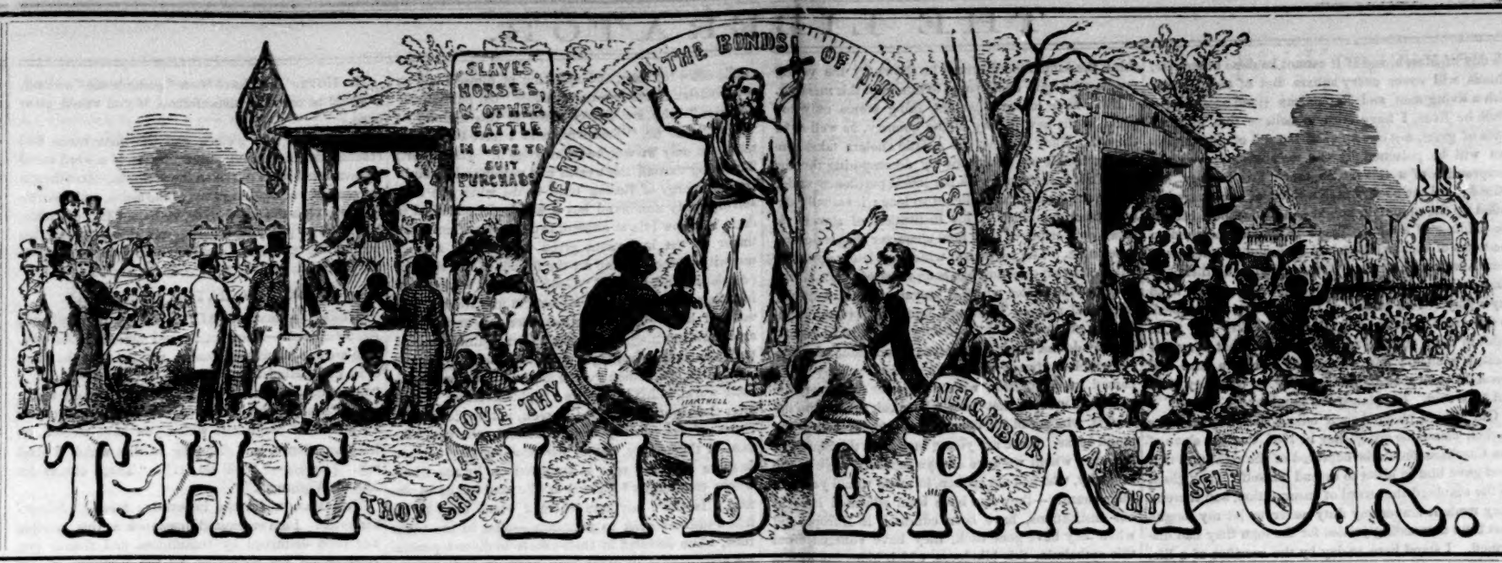
☞ Five copies will be sent to one address for TEN DOLLARS, if payment be made in advance.

☞ All remittances are to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be directed (POST PAID) to the General Agent.

☞ Advertisements inserted at the rate of five cents per line.

☞ The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery Societies are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE LIBERATOR.

☞ The following gentlemen constitute the Financial Committee, but are not responsible for any debts of the paper, viz:—FRANCIS JACKSON, EDMUND QUINCY, EDMUND JACKSON, and WENDELL PHILLIPS.


SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
I COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
THE LIBERATOR.

The United States Constitution is "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

☞ "What order of men under the most absolute of monarchies, or the most aristocratic of republics, was ever invested with such an odious and unjust privilege as that of the separate and exclusive representation of less than half a million owners of slaves, in the Hall of this House, in the chair of the Senate, and in the Presidential mansion? This investment of power in the owners of one species of property concentrated in the highest authorities of the nation, and disseminated through thirteen of the twenty-six States of the Union, constitutes a privileged order of men in the community, more adverse to the rights of all, and more pernicious to the interests of the whole, than any order of nobility ever known. To call government thus constituted a Democracy is to insult the understanding of mankind. . . . It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and of slavery. There is no name in the language of national jurisprudence that can define it—no model in the records of ancient history, or in the political theories of Aristotle, with which it can be likened. It was introduced into the Constitution of the United States by an equivocation—a representation of property under the name of persons. Little did the members of the Convention from the Free States imagine or foresee what a sacrifice to Moloch was hidden under the mask of this concession."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

VOL. XXXI. NO. 5. BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1572.

The Liberator.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Phonographic report for THE LIBERATOR by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

On Thursday, January 24th, at 10 A. M., according to appointment, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society met at the Tremont Temple. At this hour, the house was nearly full with as quiet and orderly an audience as could be desired, very many of whom were ladies. There was scarcely an indication of the riotous proceedings which followed. But at 11½ o'clock, the gallery at the rear of the hall had become densely filled with a noisy and vulgar crowd, others of whom pressed in at the corner doors beneath the gallery, to the great inconvenience of those sitting there. They interrupted the speaker by groans and howls from time to time, giving occasionally three cheers for the Union, by way of variety.

FRANCIS JACKSON, the President, called the meeting to order. Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., from the Committee of Arrangements, then proposed, as assistant Secretaries—CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, WENDELL P. GARRISON, and JAMES M. W. YERRINTON; and also the following Committees:—

Committee to Nominate the Society's Officers for 1861:—Edmund Quincy, Dedham; William Ashby, Newburyport; William Whiting, Concord; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; George Draper, Milford; Elias Richards, Weymouth; James M. Aldrich, Fall River; Joseph Ricketson, New Bedford; Josiah Hayward, Salem; Thomas J. Hunt, Abington; J. B. Swasey, Boston; Charles E. Hodges, Dorchester; Joseph A. Howland, Worcester; Lemuel Stevens, Plymouth; Jacob Leonard, Boston; William I. Bowditch, Brookline.

Business Committee:—William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Maria W. Chapman, L. Maria Child, Mary M. Brooks, Sarah E. Wall, John T. Sargent, Charles C. Burleigh, David Lee Child, Adin Ballou, T. W. Higginson, Andrew T. Foss, Henry C. Wright, Frederick Fruthingham, E. H. Heywood, John H. Stephenson, H. Ford Douglass.

Finance Committee:—Samuel May, Jr., James N. Buffum, Ebenezer D. Draper, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Elbridge Sprague, Miss Sallie Holley, Mrs. Benjamin Snow, Jr., Mrs. Frances H. Drake, Mrs. E. M. Randall, Joseph Merrill, Wm. L. Garrison, Jr.

Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., then read the 94th Psalm, explaining that it was selected at the request of Mr. GARRISON, who had not yet recovered from his illness.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

The Treasurer, EDMUND JACKSON, read his Annual Report, as follows:—

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in account with EDMUND JACKSON, *Treasurer.*

1860. Jan. 1.	Dr.	
	To cash paid expenses annual meeting,	$ 158 75
"	paid Francis Jackson, Treasurer American A. S. Society,	5842 95
"	expenses 4th July at Framingham,	34 05
"	paid J. M. W. Yerrinton for reporting,	71 00
"	donation to Wm. Still,	100 00
"	50 copies *Liberator* sent to members of Congress,	56 00
"	moving to and fitting new office,	239 37
"	R. F. Wallcut, one year's salary,	445 04
"	S. May, Jr. Gen. Agent, five mos.,	295 05
"	E. H. Heywood, Gen. Agent pro tem., seven mos. and expenses,	599 43
"	C. C. Burleigh, lecturing and expenses,	198 70
"	A. T. Foss, do. do.	638 40
"	C. L. Remond, do. do.	92 08
"	Sallie Holley, do. do.	553 20
"	office rent, one year,	586 77
"	printing, posting, and circulating petitions,	55 50
	Balance,	1234 24
		$11,200 53
1860. Jan. 1.	Cr.	
	By balance in Treasury,	$591 31
	Contributions at annual meeting,	527 14
	Proceeds of Fair at Abington,	100 00
	Proceeds of Fair at Lynn, 1858,	47 58
	Collections at New England A. S. Conv'n,	299 19
	Collections 4th July at Framingham,	84 20
	Collections 1st August at Abington,	89 30
	Twenty-Sixth National A. S. Subscription,	5842 95
	Rent of office in Cornhill for the unexpired term of lease,	150 00
	Received from pledges, subscriptions and donations, as published monthly in *Liberator*,	3468 86
		$11,200 53

Jan. 1, 1861.—By balance to new account, 1234 24
EDMUND JACKSON, *Treasurer.*

Jan. 16, 1861.—I have examined the foregoing account, and find the whole amounts received and paid, and the balance now in the Treasurer's hands, correctly stated, in the above abstract. WM. I. BOWDITCH, *Auditor.*

The report was accepted.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., then read the following letter from Mr. Garrison:—

LETTER OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BOSTON, January 24th, 1861.

MY DEAR COADJUTOR:

For the last eighteen days, I have been a prisoner at home, enfeebled by a fever of a low, typhoidal tendency; and though I am mending slowly, I am still not sufficiently strong to justify me, as a matter of common prudence, in being present at our annual State gathering to-day. "The spirit is willing," and restless for liberation, "but the flesh is weak." I believe this will be the first of the long series of anniversaries held by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which I have failed to attend—held "through evil report" and "much tribulation"—in storm and sunshine—in the midst of impending violence, or with undisturbed composure—but always held hopefully, serenely, triumphantly. It is a great cross to me to break the connection at this crisis; especially as, judging from "the fury of the Adversary," the meeting, to-day, will be the most encouraging and the most potential ever held by the Society, whether broken up by lawless violence, or permitted to proceed without molestation. The cause we advocate being not ours, but God's—not ours, but human nature's—appealing to all that is just, humane, noble and true, and upheld by an omnipotent arm—it is beyond all defeat, unconquerable and immortal; "therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

May a Divine patience, firmness, and spirit of peace be vouchsafed to all the friends of impartial freedom who may be present at the meeting to-day, not returning railing for railing, but looking calmly and joyfully to the end of this tremendous conflict with the powers of darkness—namely, the liberation of every bondman on the American soil, and thenceforward the commencement of an era of universal reconciliation, happiness and prosperity, such as the world has never yet witnessed.

Yours, to break every yoke,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq.

On motion of Mr. QUINCY, it was voted that this letter be printed with the proceedings of the meeting.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., made a partial report in behalf of the Business Committee, presenting, from them, the following resolutions:—

1. Resolved, That (to quote the language of Daniel Webster) "the Anti-Slavery question has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold of the consciences of men. He is a rash man indeed, little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with; . . . but, to coerce it into silence—to endeavor to restrain its free expression—to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it—should all this be attempted, there is nothing in the Constitution, or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow."

2. Resolved, That (to quote the language of William Ellery Channing) "whoever injures a man, binds all men to remonstrate, especially when the injured is too weak to speak in his own behalf. The great bond of humanity is the last to be dissolved. . . It is important that we should, each of us, bear our conscientious testimony against slavery, not only to swell that tide of public opinion which is to sweep it away, but that we may save ourselves from sinking into silent, unsuspected acquiescence in the evil."

3. Resolved, That (again to quote the language of the lamented Channing) "communities are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, our fathers, in framing the Constitution, swerved from the right. We, their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. . . The Free States ought to say to the South, 'On you the whole responsibility of slavery must fall. We wash our hands of it wholly. We cannot, directly or indirectly, become accessories to this wrong. We cannot become jailers, or a patrol, or a watch, to keep your slaves under the yoke. You must guard them yourselves. If they escape, we cannot send them back. Our soil makes whoever touches it free. You must guard your own frontier. In case of insurrection, we cannot come to you, save as friends alike of bond and free. On this point you are foreign communities. You have often said that you need not our protection, and we must take you at your word.'"

4. Resolved, That (to quote the language of the Representatives of the District of Darien, Georgia, in the first American Congress,) "to show the world that we are not influenced by any contracted or interested motives, but a general philanthropy for ALL MANKIND, of whatever climate, language, or complexion, we hereby declare our disapprobation and abhorrence of the unnatural practice of slavery in America, (however the uncultivated state of our country, or other specious arguments, may plead for it)—a practice founded in injustice and cruelty, and *highly dangerous to our liberties, as well as lives*—debasing part of our fellow-creatures below men, and corrupting the virtue and morals of the rest, and is laying the basis of that liberty we contend for, (and which we pray the Almighty to continue to the latest posterity,) upon a very wrong foundation."

5. Resolved, That (to quote the language of Henry Clay) 'those who would repress all tendencies towards liberty and ultimate emancipation, must do more than put down the benevolent efforts of this Society. They must go back to the era of our liberty and independence, and muzzle the cannon which thunders its annual joyous return. They must revive the slave trade, with all its train of atrocities. They must blow out the moral lights around us, and extinguish the greatest torch of all, which America presents to a benighted world, pointing the way to their rights, their liberties, and their happiness. They must penetrate the human soul, and eradicate the light of reason and the love of liberty. Then, and not till then, when universal darkness and despair prevail, can you perpetuate slavery, and repress all sympathies and all humane and benevolent efforts among freemen, in behalf of the unhappy portions of our race who are doomed to bondage."

Whereas, it is the 1st Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts, that "ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL, and have certain natural, essential and inalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness"; and

Whereas, in support of this declaration, the people of Massachusetts require of their Senators and Representatives, and judicial and other public servants, to make solemn oath or affirmation; thus virtually binding themselves by the same adjuration, and to the same end; and

Whereas, all the abolitionism ever advocated by the American Anti-Slavery Society, or any of its auxiliaries, is comprehensively embodied in this 1st Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts; therefore,

6. Resolved, That the people of this Commonwealth cannot reject or assail the Anti-Slavery movement, with reference either to its principles or aims, without repudiating their own Bill of Rights, subverting the foundations of their own State government, trampling upon their own heaven-attested doctrines, and covering themselves with the guilt of moral perjury.

The reading of the resolutions elicited frequent cheers.

The President, FRANCIS JACKSON, said that the question was now on the adoption of these resolutions, and that the platform was open to any one who desired to speak, for or against them. The rule of the Society was free discussion, and he requested any one who wished to speak to come forward to the platform.

SPEECH OF REV. J. F. CLARKE.

Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, was the first speaker. He said:—

They, being dead, yet speak! I am glad to hear a speech from Dr. Channing here this morning. I am glad to hear Daniel Webster speak, as he spoke when he was in his best estate. I am glad to hear Henry Clay speak here to-day, as Henry Clay spoke when in his youth, when he loved freedom, and when his heart beat high in behalf of human liberty. They are gone; we remain. We are to finish their work. We are here to be faithful to their ideas. What is life worth, what is it good for, if it is not to see to truth, and to uphold some principle of truth, justice and honor?

We come here to-day, friends, because the times are dark, and because, in these dark times, men are trying to make them darker by shutting out the eternal lights which come from God's heavens. (Applause.) Because they would substitute for these everlasting lights of justice to all and freedom for all, some base, earth-born, swamp-created meteors of mere expediency—which is *not* expediency, even for the present hour. (Applause.) I have come here to-day, not hoping to be able to add a word to what all of you, old veterans in the cause of freedom, know already; but I come to give my simple witness in defence of those everlasting principles. I do not want to hear any thing new here to-day. I want to hear the same great truths, which you have been uttering now for twenty-five years, uttered over again to-day in this hall. (Applause.)

When I was asked, some time since, to attend the meeting in commemoration of the work of John Brown, (applause and hisses,) though I reverenced John Brown (renewed cheers and hisses)—though I believed him to be, perhaps, the noblest man which this country has produced, (vehement hisses and loud applause,) a man in whom truth and justice were incarnated, (a voice—"Amen"—applause and hisses)—so that we beheld them in visible form before our eyes, yet I did not come, and I did not wish to come. I did not think it well to hold that meeting. (Applause.) I did not think it desirable at that time. I said "No; I had rather not attend;" and I did not come. But if I had known what was to happen here that day, I certainly would not have stayed away.—(Loud applause and some hissing.) If I had supposed for a moment, that an attempt was to be made, here in Boston, to put down any honest expression of opinion, upon that or upon any other subject, in a meeting of that kind, certainly I never would have hesitated, for a moment, to come here, and stand with those men on this platform. (Cheers and hisses.) Whatever else we can spare here in New England, we cannot do without free speech. (Loud applause.) That lies at the foundation of all our rights—of every thing that is worth having in the land. He who strikes a blow at Wendell Phillips, strikes a blow at the State of Massachusetts.

[Tremendous applause, with some hissing, was the response to this declaration. Some one here called for three cheers for Mr. Phillips, which were given with great heartiness, the opposition in the gallery responding with a few feeble groans.]

Mr. Clarke continued—Whoever attempts to interfere with freedom of speech here in Massachusetts, spits in the face of the mother who bore him.—Whence comes all your prosperity, but from that divine principle which has been won for us all by the struggles and the martyrdoms of the ages? [The disturbance in the gallery here becoming uproarious, Mr. Clarke paused for a moment; and then said]—Don't mind them. If they want to make a noise, let them! It reminds me of a story I have heard of a woman who was beating her husband, and when somebody asked him if he was not ashamed to let his wife beat him, the man said—"O no! it amuses her, and it don't hurt me." (Laughter.) So, if they want to make a noise, let them do so, till they are tired. Freedom of speech, we all believe in, except when somebody wants to speak who has something to say which is not popular, and then we don't want to hear it. But what is freedom of speech worth when what I have to say is popular, when everybody is willing that I should speak? The only time that we are bound to stand up for freedom of speech is when those who want to speak are unpopular. Then noble-hearted men say, "They shall speak; they must speak; our rights are involved in their speaking; the rights of man are involved in their speaking." (Applause and hisses.) The only real difference between Massachusetts and Austria, is that in Massachusetts we can open our mouths and speak, and in Austria they cannot. That is the real, fundamental difference between Massachusetts and Austria. I remember that when I was on the Lago di Maggiore, I was talking with the boatman who was rowing me—a noble-looking fellow—an Apollo-sort of a man—about the two sides of the lake—the Austrian side, Lombardy, and the Piedmontese side, Sardinia; and I said to him, "You row on both sides—which side do you like best, the Lombardy side or the Sardinian?" "O," said he, "I like the Sardinian side much the best." "Why?" "Because," said he, with his natural Italian language of illustration, "because there in Sardinia my mouth is open—so; but there in Lombardy it is shut—so." That is the difference. When you pass out of those States of Europe where liberty is repressed, where the newspapers are not allowed to utter their convictions, where there is no freedom of speech, and cross the line into Belgium or into Sardinia, you find at once an entirely different state of things—everything then is prosperous and progressive. Why, John Milton, and Locke, and Algernon Sidney, have built up the prosperity of Massachusetts by putting the foundations under her cotton mills—have made all her little villages ring with the joy of triumphal and successful industry and the conquests of man over nature, because they convinced the Anglo-Saxon race that the mouth of a man ought to be open, even when he is defending unpopular truth. That is the basis of all our prosperity; and therefore I am here to-day, because *to-day* we are told that Anti-Slavery is unpopular; and when my friends said to me, "You had better not go there to-day," I replied, "Why not?" "Why," said they, "is not this a wrong time, is not this a bad time, to hold a meeting of that sort?" (Applause and hisses.) "Why so? Because people wish to put it down, therefore it is the right time to hold it. What is the use of contending for freedom when nobody opposes its exercise? When its exercise is opposed, then is the right time to stand up for it." (Applause.)

This Anti-Slavery Society is not doing a new thing in maintaining freedom of speech. On this platform, for twenty-five years, the slaveholder has been just as free to defend slavery as the Abolitionists have been to oppose it.

[The rowdies in the gallery here set up a shout of "All up!" and gave three cheers for the Union, for Mayor Wightman, and any thing else that occurred to them. The well-disposed portion of the audience also rose, to see what was going on, when Mr. Hinton, mounting a chair on the platform, said—"Let all the friends of freedom keep their seats. Don't stir from your seats at any rate." This request was complied with, and when the noisy rabble had become somewhat quieted, Mr. Clarke proceeded.]

If there is any man in this assembly to-day who thinks that slavery is a good thing, he ought to be the man to protect the right of free speech here; for this is the place where, for twenty-five years, his opinion has had a chance to be uttered and defended. I come here to-day for that—because this is the place where freedom of speech in Massachusetts is to be defended; and I say, as I once heard Mr. Manning of the Old South Church say, when he went to a meeting of this sort, to which, he said, his friends had advised him not to go, "Yes," he said, "I will go; for though my gun is a small one, and doesn't make much noise, I don't want to have it spiked." (Laughter and cheers.)

Then, again, I come here because this is the only place where any thing is said in behalf of four millions of my countrymen who are in bondage. [Cries in the gallery, "Down with the niggers," and groans for John A. Andrew.] This is the only place where any thought is given to God's children who are marked with a darker color than ours. We hear everything else discussed—all other rights considered. Everything that belongs to the interests of the white man is talked of every where else; but where, except on this platform, does any one remember the four millions of slaves? Why, if you ask me what is to be the result of the present state of things in this country, I will give you the answer I heard the other night. "It depends upon who God cares for the most at the present time; whether God is thinking most of the white man or the negro." If God is caring to-day for the negro in the United States more than for the white man, then I believe that disunion is to be the result, because disunion is to be the emancipation of the slave. (Loud applause and hisses.) But I believe the South are right in a good many things that they say. I do not come here as one who hates the South, or who hates the slaveholder. We are told that because we love liberty, therefore we hate the slaveholder. (Noise in the gallery.) We do not hate the slaveholder. Because we hate the evil that a man is doing, does it follow that we hate him? Because we hate the wickedness of a man, does it follow that we hate the man? I know very well that if Northern men had been placed under the same circumstances that Southerners are, they would have been very much the same kind of people, and done very much the same kind of things. If you or I had been born in South Carolina, we should, very likely, have been mad to-day for secession, in order to prevent slavery being put down. We do not, therefore, hate them, because they are made what they are by the circumstances around them; we pity them. But I say that we at the North, who have been educated under other circumstances, and taught to love freedom and justice for all, are bound, for the sake of the slaveholders themselves, never to give up those principles of justice and freedom, but to maintain them, and maintain them more and more, to the end. (Applause.) It is not merely for our own sakes, or for the sake of the slave, that we are holding these meetings, but it is for the sake of the slaveholder too. He is a man who is crushed down by his iniquitous system, and in order to help him, we must stand up for justice and liberty. (Cheers.) There are tens of thousands of Southern men, born and raised in the South, educated in the South, slaveholders, perhaps, themselves, who do not love slavery, who know its evils, and know them better than we do, because they have felt them longer and more closely. When the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North is lowered one jot, they mourn. They say, "Stand up firm to your principles at the North, for your principles are our only reliance." They feel the need of us, they feel the need of the Anti-Slavery sentiment; and it is for the sake of those thousands and tens of thousands of men and women at the South, who feel the need of the protecting, increasing, magnetic sentiment of freedom, that we hold these meetings, as well as for the slaves themselves. (Applause.)

Friends, we are looking forward to a probable separation, or secession, of the South from the North. The time seems to be hurrying on that result for which this Society has contended for many years—Disunion. When that result comes, when it shall be settled that the slaveholding States are to go by themselves, and the fifteen free States of the North, with the addition of our sister Kansas, another free State, are to go by themselves, what is to be the consequence? You say, "Civil war." Civil war? Civil war may come—we cannot tell what may come. Civil war may come; but it seems to me that these fifteen magnificent free States, this grand new Union, which is to rise as the eagle soars from the earth toward the sky—this Union, composed of fifteen States, on whose soil there is not the foot of a slave, united together by common convictions, common principles, and common interests—it seems to me that it will be so strong that no nation will venture to attack it, and so just that it will not attack any other. (Applause and hissing.) I see no danger, except from concession—except from yielding up our principles. I, for one, am ready to say to the Southern States, "Go in peace!" I am ready to say, "Take, if you choose, all the national property in your domain; take the forts; take the arsenals; take Washington, too, if you choose—take all; but let *us* stand together, a united, free nation of independent States, without slavery. (Hisses.) We can give you everything but our freedom and our rights."

I have said all I intended to say, and I will not detain this meeting any longer this morning. (Loud applause.)

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. PHILLIPS then took the platform, and was greeted with a prolonged and enthusiastic shout of welcome, which testified not alone to the hearty sympathy of the audience, but to the fact, that an overwhelming majority of those present were loyal to the right. The rowdies in the gallery cried out, "All up!" and hissed and groaned to the extent of their power, but the feeble noise was speedily drowned in another storm of applause. Mr. P. said:—

Mr. CHAIRMAN,—I had hoped to address this meeting at a later hour, and that some other friends would have taken the centre of the morning; but in consequence of their occupation elsewhere, I shall trouble you now, and leave them the latter part of the session

I am sorry that our series of resolutions, necessarily imperfect at this time, deal only in general principles, relating to the cause. At a subsequent session, we hope to lay before you some resolutions distinctly referring to the principles and method of this Society; for, after all, this is a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to-day—a body whose thirty years of history have settled its place and influence upon Massachusetts.

[At this point, Mr. Phillips was interrupted by the turbulent spirits in the gallery with cheers for "Wightman," "Bell and Everett," "Clay," groans, hisses, cat-calls, "all-up," yells, and all sorts of "sounds infernal." For fifteen minutes or more, this scene continued, Mr. P. uttering a sentence, now and then, in a lull, which even then, however, was not audible beyond a few feet from the speaker. Of course, anything like a connected speech was impossible, under such circumstances. We give the sentences as they fell from his lips.]

Mr. President, we stand to-day with the country itself, as far down as Mason and Dixon's line, one-half converted to the maxims of this Society. [After a long pause.] The devil always goes out of a man in great wrath. (Laughter.) I remember once, ten years ago, in Faneuil Hall, when we stood on the platform for two hours, and did not utter a word—and it was the best meeting we ever held. (Applause by those who could hear.) Conceited as we are thought to be, no man on this platform can make a speech equal to that—[pointing to the gallery.] (Applause.) But there is a better speech even than that to-day. South Carolina speaks for us (applause); and our argument on this question is poor and vapid, in comparison with hers. For, after all, the question is not free speech. You and I shall live and outlive that many years. My free speech will take care of itself, or I will take care of it. (Applause.) We come here to-day to let Washington see what Boston thinks of this crisis, and we want her to declare that, Constitution or no Constitution, Union or no Union, against the law or with it, the Southern States, so long as they be slave States, shall be shovelled out of this Union. (Loud applause and hisses.) We not only accept the crisis, but thank God that it has come so soon. (Applause and hisses.) I am sorry for every merchant whose ledger balances on the wrong side. I am sorry for every laborer who has lost a week's or a month's wages; and if his Daniel Webster, and his Caleb Cushing, and his Edward Everett, had listened to us thirty years ago, this trouble never had come on the country. [A voice—"Never!" and applause. Then the gallery screamed itself hoarse for Webster and Everett, and other idols of their worship.] State Street may thank her own idol, if she is bankrupt to-day. [More cheering for Webster, for the Union, and cries of "put him out," interspersed with whistling and singing.] O, Mr. Chairman, we have plenty of time! We have this session, this afternoon and evening, and three to-morrow. No occasion to hurry, in the least! South Carolina is waiting to hear from us. (Cheers for South Carolina.) The Southern States say that when they have organized their confederacy, they mean to leave New England out in the cold. Well, we shall be glad to be there. I am only sorry that my friends there (pointing to the rioters) are out in the cold. Now, ladies and gentlemen, this is a very momentous question——

[Here the reprobates in the gallery struck up the song—

"We are going home,
We are going home,
We are going home,
To die no more"—

which gratifying declaration they repeated, again and again, but did not go. Instead of that, they struck up another equally interesting lyric, which, as near as we could make out, ran in this wise—

"Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
John Brown's dead."

Then these model patriots and lovers of the Union gave three groans for General Scott, and amused themselves with imitating the sounds of the barn-yard, and the cries of the street. At length, Mr. Phillips was enabled to speak again.]

This is the largest anti-slavery meeting, said he, at ten o'clock in the morning, that I ever saw in the city of Boston. Six weeks ago, a hundred men came here, and found us so small as to be able to turn us out of our seats. To-day, at least, we have possession of the platform and the hall. (Applause.) Now the question is between you and the men on the outside which shall represent the Capital of Massachusetts. I have a little pride in Boston. I would rather that we should keep in our own hands the appointment of our own police. I hope we shall behave ourselves well to-day, and show that we are worthy of it; for if we do not, there is a parcel of country folks up there on the hill who will make us behave ourselves. (Applause.) Although I love Boston very well, I love Massachusetts better—because she is bigger (laughter and applause); and therefore I mean to stand here to-day, and endeavor, so far as in me lies, to show the press and the Commonwealth that the majority is on our side. (Applause.) That, in spite of a few boys, Boston is a decorous and well-behaved community. I think we shall make it in the end. (Cheers by the rowdies, and general uproar among them.) I think that our twenty-seven, eight or nine annual meetings have been wonderfully successful in remolding the public mind, and my proof of it is this very meeting to-day. We are thus assailed, not because we are few, not because we are uninfluential, not because we are unheeded, but because we are feared. Take it as a compliment! (Applause and hisses.) Napoleon's maxim was, to charge on the centre of the host. Well, the charge has been, for the last six weeks, on the anti-slavery body of Boston. (Applause.) All we have to do is to see to it that we hold the banner so high, that no man can come home from Washington, and say that he did not see it. I can remember when a leading Republican, holding the third office in the Government, spoke to the merchants of Philadelphia, and the next day asked to be carried to the Anti-Slavery Rooms. "Why!" was the question. "To know their opinion of my speech." "But," was the reply, "you had thousands to hear you; they are only a few hundreds." "True," he said; "but what they think to-day, you'll think two years hence."

[Mr. Phillips here took off his overcoat, amid the cheers of his friends, and laid it one side, remarking—"I may have to stand here a good while, so I will take my coat off."]

We want to teach some doubting souls which way the vanes set here in Massachusetts. Mr. Adams does not seem to know whether they point North or South;—we want to show him that we are not only unwilling that Massachusetts should be a slave to State Street, but that we won't give up one inch of territory, five hundred miles west of the Mississippi, to the demands of the South. I would not give slavery a spoonful of earth to stay in the Union—no one; not a blade of grass, nor relinquish a single principle. (Uproarious singing.) That is the death-knell of slavery—don't you hear it? (Applause.) [The volunteer choir in the gallery again struck up, "We are going home," &c.] That is the maniac, singing in his chains. (Loud applause.) It is necessary we should understand the state of things among different classes of people. I don't feel very proud of those representatives of Boston up there; still, I think things are not near so bad as they were on the 3d of December. Then Mr. Fay and Mr. Howe came here in person; they only send their boys here to-day. (Loud laughter, the "boys" yelling and screaming to the imminent danger of their lungs.) O, I forget, continued Mr. P.; I beg your pardon. We should have had them here to-day, but they started for Washington yesterday with the petition, and so the mob has lost its leaders, and don't know where to go. (Laughter.)

Mr. Chairman, I have something to say, when I can get out more than one sentence at a time; but a disconnected speech cannot have much argument in it. I do not know but we may as well resolve ourselves into a Quaker meeting, and sit here in silence, as the representatives of Massachusetts. For, friends, I will tell you a secret;—we are going to decide to-day whether this peninsula is still to be called Boston, or had better be named *Wightmanville*. (Laughter and applause, the "roughs" in the back part of the hall cheering for Wightman.)

Mr. QUINCY, (to whom Mr. Jackson had resigned the chair,)—The orderly persons and members of the Society are requested to take their seats, as a measure of order. These lads in the gallery have come here to enjoy a holiday. No doubt, they are glad to be released, after sweeping out their masters' stores, to come here and make a noise. They are harmless lads; and I think, while we are waiting for the "good time coming," the friends had better take their seats, and remain patiently and quietly, and by and by, we shall hear the end of Mr. Phillips's speech.

Mr. Phillips paused for some time, the riotous portion of the assembly keeping up their noisy demonstrations, cheering for the Union, for Crittenden, and others, and calling out "Go ahead," "Sit down," "Blow your horn," &c., &c.

Mr. PHILLIPS. I just now heard three cheers for the Union. I think the dead ought to be allowed to rest. (Hisses and howls from the gallery.) I have always found that the best abolitionists were those who come as boys to break up an anti-slavery meeting. I expect to live five years, and to be cheered to the echo by those very boys, when they have grown older and wiser. (Applause, hisses and groans.) Why, they will carry enough away from the anti-slavery meeting to-day to convert them. Yes, even the scene in yonder gallery will convert them. Massachusetts has not got in her bosom the materials for mobs. This is nothing but the spasm of a momentary irritation—it will not last. Our fathers left us common schools——

[Here an amateur whistler struck up "Yankee Doodle," and the musical entertainment was extended by one more singing of the already familiar words, "We are going home," &c.]

Mr. PHILLIPS. This is the "irrepressible conflict" betwixt the floor and the gallery. I wish Mr. Everett had taken his mob with him. (Cheers for the Union.) Poor Union! (Three groans for Phillips.) It does not matter whether these men are successful or not. We know our own principles. We know the discussions which have brought about this result. No matter what mobs may endeavor to do; they cannot kill ideas. So long as honest men think, so long will the ideas we have uttered pervade eastern Massachusetts. It is no matter whether we number two hundred, one hundred, or fifty. The very meeting of this body, in defiance of all the wealth of the city, is a victory. The mob cannot shut us out of this hall, though they may be able to conquer our voices. If we cannot live by law, we cannot live at all. This question is not one of argument, or eloquence, or words; with State Street, it is a mere question of dollars. But South Carolina knows that, in the long run, dollars do not rule in this country, but ideas rule. You know very well that Daniel Webster represented the dollars of Massachusetts. Edward Everett, to-day, represents the dollars of Massachusetts. He can be endorsed by every bank president and by every manufacturing corporation in Massachusetts; but they are not able to turn Charles Sumner out of his seat. (Applause.) They may make money, but they cannot make public opinion; wealth is not the fountain of public thought.

[Here Mr. Phillips addressed himself for some time, in a moderate tone, to the reporters and friends immediately round him—a proceeding which seemed to provoke the rowdies at a distance to a curious silence.]

Abolitionists, look here! Friends of the slave, look here! These pencils [pointing to the reporters] will do more to create opinion than a hundred thousand mobs. While I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million of men. What, then, are those boys? (Applause.) We have got the press of the country in our hands. Whether they like us or not, they know that our speeches sell their papers. (Applause and laughter.) With five newspapers we may defy five hundred boys. Therefore, just allow me to make my speech to these gentlemen in front of me, and I can spike all those cannon. (Applause.) Why, if I should write out my speech, and give it to the *Atlas and Bee*, I need only stand and laugh at yonder noises. My voice is beaten by theirs, but they cannot beat types. All hail, and glory to Faust, who invented printing, for he made mobs impossible! (Applause.) I appeal from the cradles of Boston to the press of the Commonwealth. These boys have got a holiday. Let us be glad their masters gave it to them. They only mistook the place to come to. The Common is the place for Election Day, not Tremont Temple. But what we want to send out to the country is the fact.

You know that when the Billingsgate fish-women of Paris came into the galleries of the National Convention, they simply resolved that they were in perpetual session. Well, while newspapers are printed, so are we. Now, those fellows cannot last but one morning, while the Abolitionists can talk till doomsday. They have an unending gift of free speech. (Groans for the Abolitionists.) Those boys have been singing, "We are going home," for some time; and if our speeches are so unpalatable and vituperative, I wonder they do not go. The doors are all open. But after all, friends, let us rejoice in this hour. Twenty-five years ago, half in whispers, with bated breath, in halls that would hold two hundred people, we cried DISUNION; and to-day, the Rocky Mountains bring back the echo, and thirty States are sundered in the effort to free the slave. (Loud cheers.) We debated, thirty years ago, whether we could raise ten thousand dollars in order to print anti-slavery tracts; now, the Charleston *Mercury* and the Louisville *Journal* print them for us. (Applause.) Poor fellows! [Pointing to the rioters,] they have no organ—we have conquered the New York *Herald*.

They say one man is a majority, when he has right on his side; I have got three thousand on my side.—[Tumult in the gallery, during which Mr. Phillips paused, and then said]—Do not be impatient, ladies and gentlemen, it is only ten minutes to twelve; there is time enough. Time will do every thing. It will bring South Carolina back into the Union a free State. (Applause.) We are not going to lose one of the old thirteen. We are going to conquer them all to freedom. I mean, before I die, to have all the thirteen States in the Union, without a slave. (Applause.)—My disunion means simply to get rid of the slaveholders. I want the son of every black man who fought with Washington inside my Union, and I know that the 384,000 blacks of South Carolina are the sons of the Revolution. The stars and stripes shall yet protect them in liberty. (Applause.) Only wait; we shall worry out these boys. This is Boston; we will appeal to the Commonwealth in a moment or two; that is a very different scene. I understand the State house has begun to move, and got as far as half way down Park street; and when the codfish comes, look out, for we shall have quiet. *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.* That means—Free Speech. (Applause.) We will have it yet. Massachusetts is not conquered; the Capitol is not owned by State street, (cheers,) and whoever is Mayor of Boston, John A. Andrew is Governor of the Commonwealth. (Prolonged cheers.) I do not despair of the Commonwealth.

[Three groans were given for Gov. Andrew, by the crowd in the gallery, which were followed by three cheers for Mayor Wightman. Then some one called out, "Three cheers for Wendell Phillips," which were given with an emphasis.]

Mr. PHILLIPS. An Abolitionist is a happy man, to have such a cheer as that, and a mob besides. (Laughter and applause.) I hope all my blessings won't come at once.

A VOICE. "Go ahead! we've got them where the hair is short." This remark called forth uproarious laughter from both sides.

Mr. PHILLIPS resumed—O, we have been through a great many such scenes as this. There is always a calm after a storm. You will find after this, that every Representative from Massachusetts on the floor of Congress will stand so straight that he will lean backward. (Applause and hisses.) I am told that Charles Sumner said, a fortnight ago, that he had more reliance on South Carolina than on Massachusetts to help us in this crisis. (Applause by the mob.) He will rejoice when the Commonwealth comes down like a vulture, and sweeps that gallery where it belongs—into the calaboose. (Applause, groans for Charles Sumner, and hearty cheers.) Well, friends, we ought to be very generous. The conquerors should allow the conquered to complain as much as they please. When, twenty years ago, we began our labors, Edward Everett was at the top of the ladder. To-day, this Society, after twenty years of argument, sends Charles Sumner (hisses) into the Senate, and Edward Everett at the head of a Committee. (Cheers for Everett.) We have turned things upside down, and got them right-side up. [*A Voice*—"Why didn't you send Burlingame?"] To-day, Sumner represents Massachusetts, and Everett and Winthrop—we have taken them down from that elevation—they represent the Merchants' Exchange. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, allow me to make one exceedingly serious and timely suggestion to you. It is more than likely, that within a short time, the civil authority will enter this hall; and allow me to suggest, in order that it may be known who are our friends and who are not, that the friends of this platform will, as far as possible, keep their seats, and preserve silence.—(Cries of "Good" and applause.)

[This statement and request of Mr. Phillips had an instantaneous effect on the mobocrats, who became almost entirely quiet, and remained so, with only occasional interruption, to the close of Mr. Phillips's speech.]

Mr. PHILLIPS. And now, having secured a little temporary quiet, suppose we go back to the consideration of the question which assembles this Society this morning, which is, the abolition of American Slavery. There exists, as you know, ladies and gentlemen, in this fragment of the Union,—several States having quitted it,—the Gulf States having almost or entirely parted, and only the border States and the Mississippi States left to us—there exists, at this moment, throughout the North, the question, what mood of mind shall we present ourselves in to our Southern brethren? How shall we let them understand the position of the North? Our delegates in Congress—those from New England certainly—have done their duty like men. It is understood that the speech of Mr. Seward was read to them a week before its delivery, and repudiated. (Cries of "Good," cheers, and hisses.) New England said—"We wish no compromise—we will allow none. We have walked up to this spot by the toil of a quarter of a century. We are ready to meet the South on the broad question of abolition. We settle the question here. Either let it be laid out of politics, by the mere territorial settlement, or we settle the whole question on a broad basis." They are not for any compromise whatever. Now, what message shall Boston send to that faithful body of men? How shall we, who are not fettered by the responsibilities of party, who represent not party lines but the plastic public opinion outside of them—represent, not the temporary moment, but the coming future—how shall we speak, at this hour, to the Union? I say it in no conceit, but in verity, and from sincere conviction, New England does the thinking for one-half of the Union. We have sent our children to the valley of the Mississippi, and they look back to our codes and our great men for their models, for their examples. They look to our press, and largely to our pulpits, and entirely to our colleges, to send them the best thought of the age. We hold the magnificent West, with its unlimited wealth and its coming omnipotence, in our right hand. "Westward the star of empire takes its way." How shall it be wielded? Shall the slave rest in silence, hopeful that from the conscience of the North will come the cause of his jubilee? It is for us at this hour to save the masters from the bloodiest insurrection that ever occurred. It is by standing on the Northern basis, and demanding that this source of weakness and danger, that this national sin, that this convulsive element, which threatens to, or has already dismembered the Union, shall be treated like statesmen. I have no word of censure for the great Senator of New York, still less, a word even of doubt for the incoming President of Illinois. (Cheers and hisses.) I believe that, like an honorable man, he means to keep, and has told his friends to say that he means to keep in office the promises that were made for him in the canvas; and while Abraham Lincoln lives,—and, spite of the rage of the men South of Mason and Dixon's line, he will live to be buried in the gratitude of the North, twenty or forty years hence, (applause)—while he lives and dictates law to this country from the White House at Washington—as he will, on the 5th day of March, and if it cannot be done otherwise, Illinois will cover every square foot of the District with a living man and Republican (loud applause)—while he lives, I have faith to believe that not one blade of grass, not one atom of the soil of the territories will be poisoned by the footsteps of even the compromise of a slave. So much this Society has gained; and the rock which a third of a century has rolled up the mountain height is not to tumble back at the bidding of a mob. There it stands, anchored on the votes of eighteen hundred thousand freemen, who send Abraham Lincoln to Washington to do their bidding, and it will be done. (Applause.) This is no boy's play. The babies of Carolina are not to speak to the great Northwest. (Cheers.) They are to lie quiet in their cradles, and we will see that they are rocked to sleep; and meantime, Northern care and foresight shall tuck them up nicely, so that they shall not take cold. (Applause and laughter.)

Our fathers pledged their odious and hateful oaths to their damnable conspiracy in 1787, that the slave of the Carolinas should be deprived of the right arm that God gave him in order to defend himself. They glued to the scabbard the sword of insurrection, and thereby they made it tenfold my duty never to let my tongue rest from demanding justice for the man they had disarmed. I stand here to-day by the sacrifice of a life, to atone, as far as possible, for the sins of my father, (applause and hisses,) and every man who loves his father is bound to be here to-day. (Applause.) [A *Voice*—"Three cheers for his father." *Another*—"Three cheers for the Union."] Well, we are here, friends, to make those cheers deserved. We are here to make the Union worthy of cheers within hearing of Faneuil Hall. (Applause and cries of "Good.") We are here to wipe out the three-fifths slave basis, the slave clause of recapture, the pledge against insurrection, and every black stripe from the parchment of 1789; and when we have done it, we will go down to that old Cradle of Liberty, and invoke Adams, and Otis, and Hancock to come and listen to our repentance, and to our jubilee together. (Applause.) But it is here we are to perform the lustration. Every lie bears bitter fruit. No sin can be wiped out in an hour. The mistakes of a generation are not gotten rid of in a night? "Our fathers ate sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge." State Street managed and intrigued; she sent her representatives to get John Hancock swathed in flannel, to make it possible for Massachusetts to adopt the Constitution of 1787. The free thought of Massachusetts rejected it. The men from the country spit upon it. What were called the Democrats of that day trod it under their feet. State Street—the men who made money by trade—went to Hancock, solemn and stately in his Beacon-street mansion, and said to him—"We cannot save this. The conscience of Massachusetts rejects it." And the old pet of the people put on his flannels, took his crutches, and came down with a compromise—(God curse all compromises!) and made Massachusetts a member of the Union. (Applause and hisses.)

[*A voice from the gallery*—"God curse the man who said that!"]

Mr. PHILLIPS. Well, it is natural that State Street should hang on to her child. It is natural that she should be fond of the pet that she cradled, and has brought up to this manhood. And it is natural, too, that short-sighted wealth, timid, shrinking from every change, should imagine that if she gets rid of South Carolina, it writes bankruptcy on her ledger. But I maintain that Massachusetts does not make money merely because South Carolina whips negroes. I maintain that the brain of the Yankee can compel the tribute of the world, and the thrift and cunning of our right hands can make us rich, spite of Virginia and the Carolinas too. (Loud applause.) We are bound to prove that honest labor can stand on its own feet, without the help of the aristocracy of the white race, or the slaveholders of the Carolinas. (Renewed cheering.) Graduate of the free schools of Boston as I am, I am bound to prove, in the face of Europe, that "honesty is the best policy," and that America can prove it in the face of the world. (Applause.) I am bound to prove that it is possible to make a man's bread here without stealing it; and I am certain that, with that great West, that populous Ohio, that magnificent New York, to back us, and welcoming Canada into our lap, we can still, even if the South leaves us, for a time, maintain a power to which the South will gravitate back gladly before you and I are old. Yes, those boys will hardly pass their majority, will hardly be entitled to vote, before you will see Carolina coming back, to put her star on the national banner, and live again under the stripes. We are not going to be separated. The Mississippi binds us like a glorious ribbon of gold. We cannot be divided permanently. It is nothing but the poison of slavery that occasions this temporary convulsion. The Sumters and the Marions are ours. The Rutledges, the Lees, and the Pinckneys, where are they? Under the feet of some nameless rascals who are undertaking to-day to represent South Carolina. Virginia has gone under, and there is nothing but bubbles on the surface. We will digdown under it, and find the ashes of Patrick Henry, and so call Virginia back to her duty. (Applause.) If it is necessary, as in the days of the Crusaders, we will take the dust of Washington from his tomb on Mount Vernon, and Everett shall follow it, as we carry it through those fifteen States, and make them, on their knees, be as good abolitionists as he was. (Applause.)

No, we have not lost a country. These puny representatives are not Americans, that run to Washington, and beg South Carolina to see that they kneel in the dirt. (Loud applause.) The history of the past, the grand school of the events of sixty years, have not produced only *such* men in Massachusetts. Under farmers' frocks, and standing beside spindles, and over the blacksmith's anvil, and smelling the sweet soil of the ploughshare, there are yet descendants of Paul Revere and James Otis, who will save Massachusetts from the canker of her own gold. (Prolonged cheering.) I believe in the possibility of liberty, and I will never be convinced that sixty such years as we have passed can create only a community of cowards. This Society will yet hold its sessions peacefully; every speech will be listened to; and when we go out from this hall on Friday night, we shall go out with the thanks of Boston, for having redeemed it to decency! (Loud and prolonged applause.)

DAVID LEE CHILD. "I propose three cheers for the conqueror." They were given.

SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The President then announced RALPH WALDO EMERSON, of Concord, who was received with three vigorous cheers by the audience, followed by three cheers for the Union from the mob, and a succession of disturbing groans and outcries. Toward the close of Mr. Phillips's speech, several policemen had entered the gallery, and their glazed caps were conspicuous among the rioters. Rev. Mr. Waterston, in the midst of the tumult, rose and asked—"Will not the police do their duty?" The appeal had no effect, however, and Mr. Emerson was obliged to wait some time before his voice could be heard. At length, when comparative silence was obtained, he said:—

MR. PRESIDENT,—It is little I have to say; but to fill up the interval between the gentleman who is about to follow me, and the organ of thought and opinion who has just spoken, I will say, that I am very happy to see this Society, through its organs here, asserting those principles which belong to this soil, which belong to every person who now hears me (hisses); and I am glad that a Boston boy, educated here in our schools, here in our colleges, all his life spent among you, has learned to find in your hearts an answer to every burning word he speaks. Why, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that really the Boston boys are all right. I am a little proud of this village. Let me say to those young foreigners, to those young strangers, that I was born on the spot where the post-office now stands; that all my education has been in her town schools here, here in her college, and all the best of my life spent here. That is true, too, of the gentleman who presides here, and of Mr. Phillips, who has just addressed us. I think the same record cannot be shown by the young people who have endeavored to interrupt this meeting.

But I have to say, that one thing seems only too plain, in the new history of the country, as well as in the old. They say that the Asiatic cholera takes the vital principle out of the air by decomposing the air. I think it is the same with the moral pestilence under which the country has suffered so long; it actually decomposes mankind. This institution of slavery is based on a crime of that fatal character that it decomposes men. The barbarism which has lately appeared wherever that question has been touched, and in the action of the States where it prevails, seems to stupify the moral sense. The moral injury of slavery is infinitely greater than its pecuniary and political injury. I really do not think the pecuniary mischief of slavery, which is always shown by statists, worthy to be named in comparison with this power to subvert the reason of men, so that those who speak for it, who defend it, who act in its behalf, seem to have lost the moral sense. Here are young men from the Southern country, whom we have always supposed were in the minority, who had not spoken, but who would yet save their country—they also have been educated here in our institutions, have been educated in Europe, and when they have gone back, they have suffered from this opthalmia, this blindness, which hides from them the great facts of right and wrong. They do not perceive the political, economical and moral mischief done by the institution. I chanced, within a few days, to be reading the travels in Alabama of the English naturalist, Gosse, who has set all our boys making aquariums, and he recites precisely those facts which are denied by our Southern friends—the burning of books and the like, the utter suppression of all freedom of thought and conversation among friends. [Noise in the gallery, which obliged the speaker to pause.]

I was going to say, that I hope that, in the great action now pending, all the forbearance, all the discretion possible, and yet all the firmness, shall be used by the representatives of the North, and by the people at home. Gentlemen, friends, no man of patriotism, no man of natural sentiment, can undervalue the sacred Union which we possess; but if it is sundered, it will be because it had already ceased to have a vital tension. The action of to-day is only the ultimatum of what had already occurred. The bonds had ceased to exist, because of this vital defect of slavery at the South actually separating them in sympathy, in thought, in character, from the people of the North; and then, if the separation had gone thus far, what is the use of a pretended tie? As to concessions, we have none to make. The monstrous concession made at the formation of the Constitution is all that can ever be asked; it has blocked the civilization and humanity of the times up to this day. I cannot help thinking just now, in connection with some facts that were mentioned, of a story of Mr. Wilson. You all know Prof. Wilson, the author of the "*Noctes*"—the wit of Edinboro' and London. When some gentlemen, strangers at the lake—[Noise in the gallery, hisses, groans, calls of "put him out," "dry up," "unbutton your coat," &c.]

Mr. EMERSON. I know you will hear my story: it is very good. One of Prof. Wilson's family had been insulted in a boat upon the lake. The fact was brought to his knowledge, and he immediately prepared to horse-whip the offenders. They learned to whose family the offended person belonged, and got a mutual friend to go with them to the Professor's house, to propitiate him. He introduced them, and said, "These are the gentlemen who have, by some mistake, interfered with your friend." Prof. Wilson heard their apology coldly, and allowed them to depart. When they had gone, his friend said, "Why, Professor, you should have more magnanimity than to receive their apology with such coolness." "Magnanimity!" said he; "was ever magnanimity more enormous than mine? There they sat, and I did not pitch them out of the window!" (Laughter.) It seems to me that is really a fair illustration of the immense concessions that have already been made, and we do not need any more.

But I will not detain the company longer.

SPEECH OF THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, of Worcester, the next speaker, was received with cheers, (with which some hisses from the gallery intermingled,) and spoke with less interruption than his predecessors, as follows:—

Mr. CHAIRMAN—We are debtors to the disturbers of this meeting for several things. If it were possible to add to the rhetorical triumphs of Wendell Phillips, they have given him an additional one this morning (applause); and if it were possible to show to Massachusetts the calm, recluse philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a still more noble aspect, this setting of riot has completed the picture. (Renewed applause.) Even the bare threat of disturbance has promoted this Society out of the little Mercantile Hall, where it has met for the last few years, into Tremont Temple; and if the mere rumor of trifling danger has produced so much, what would the appeal of actual danger do among the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts? (Cheers.) It has done more than this. The Personal Liberty Bill is pending in the State House. How many additional votes our friends in the galley have rolled up for us! (Applause and hisses.) How many more will our opponents (whom the gods have made mad)—how many more will they give us, before this Convention has concluded its sessions? And that other measure—the Metropolitan Police Bill for Boston (loud cheers, the rioters in the gallery revealing, in characteristic manner, the terrors the bill has for them)—a measure which no one would have dared to suggest, and which I, for one, would have voted against, under ordinary circumstances,—there are a hundred men in that gallery, to-day, who are working with all their heart and soul to pass that Metropolitan Police Bill. (Loud cheers.) As Shakspeare says:

> "'Tis you that do it, not we. You do the deeds,
> And your unworthy deeds find us the words."

Here are we, anti-slavery speakers, tired of speaking. We had fallen away from the work. We had been grossly remiss—I know I had, for one—in these last anti-slavery meetings in Boston, for a few years, in not coming. We thought that so much of the battle had been won that our voices, at least, might be spared. Your silence [pointing to the gallery] had silenced us; your noise calls us forth again. (Cheers.) It is one of the strongest objections I have to this state of things, that it has brought me here to-day, for one, to make a speech against my will. If speaking becomes a crime, if speaking is to be put down by the chaos of quadrupedal noises we have heard this morning, the sooner we all begin to talk, the better. (Applause.)

Mr. Chairman, we are not here to-day to dig in the ashes of the past; we are not here to-day even to contend for the slave. The slave to-day must take care of himself, for the moment, while we are defending the right of the white men of Massachusetts to be heard in Boston. (Loud applause.) I thank these rioters, who have placed us in a position so logically irresistible that we are sure of the verdict at last. Slavery or anti-slavery may be right or wrong; FREE SPEECH is right always and everywhere. (Prolonged cheering.) We have come back to a position which is impregnable. They have driven us out, it may be, for a moment, of the questionable Fort Moultrie of our position; but it is only to fall back upon that Fort Sumter of human right, which, in Massachusetts, will never again be captured. (Loud applause.) Never again! The day is past. Those who try to disturb it now, occupy a position as hopelessly far in the rear as possible. To say that it is behind this age is nothing—it is behind *all* ages—the attempt to put down free speech by mob law. Those who try it are too old to be the grandfathers of the hunkers. The remotest ancestors of hunkerism never dreamed of anything more idle than the effort to suppress it in the manner in which it is sought to be done to-day. To call it death is nothing—the position of hunkerism that has been taken here. It is like that nobleman in England, who said, when he knew he had held his public office too long, and speaking of himself and an octogenarian compeer,—one of those "old public functionaries" who are not confined to this country,—"Why," said he, "Trelawney and I have been dead ten years, only we won't acknowledge it." (Laughter.) The thing that all the wealth and power and administrative energy of Boston tried to do, when the anti-slavery party numbered but a hundred, and failed to do it, it is now idle to attempt to do to-day, when, even under all the invitations given to the mob, a large majority of the meeting are the friends of free speech! (Applause, and cries of "Good.") This work of reinstating ourselves upon a platform undisturbed will not last long. The battle has been fought and won again this morning, and it can never again be waged under such disadvantages to us. (Cheers.) It will not last long, and then we can fall back upon our legitimate work, which is, our own rights secured, to look after the rights of others; to seek, not to defend the rights of the wealthy and influential, who can take care of themselves, but of the poor and the outcast. Is there any man who is trampled on by the whole community? There is the man for us to defend. Is there any man whom a whole class of his fellow-citizens seek to persecute,—who, in the night time, when defeated in their efforts to disturb peaceable assemblages of other men, unite in little companies, and go into corners, and down cellars, and into horse-railroad cars, to drag out and glory in persecuting the negro, because they do not dare to meet a white man,—is there any class of men in Boston so degraded as that, and any such more degraded class who wish to persecute them, it is for them that we must labor, and make their cause our own. It is because this Society has labored for them that all this miserable hostility has been called forth to-day. It is because this Society has done its work in calling forth not only the men who believe in Mr. Garrison's dogmas wholly, but men like those who have spoken here this morning, who are not identified with him in his views of the Constitution, or with Mr. Phillips in his—it is because the Anti-Slavery Society, by the noble liberality of its platform, has called such men upon it, that it is opposed and resisted; and, by the same token, it is for doing that, for fighting the great battle of liberty for Massachusetts men, that this Anti-Slavery Society will become a blessed memory in Massachusetts, and this day a sacred day of triumph for free speech henceforward and forever. (Loud applause.)

On motion of Henry C. Wright, the meeting adjourned to 3 o'clock, P. M.

The noise in the galleries then ceased, the disturbers leaving the house with the others. A very large number of these disorderly persons, however, remained in the street before the Temple, using profane, boisterous and threatening language as the audience dispersed, especially manifesting their hate toward Mr. Phillips, against whom threats were freely made. A hearse happening to go by at this time, one brutal ruffian called out—"Hold on, and take Wendell Phillips." Mr. Phillips, however, left the building by a private way, and the mob was thus deprived of an opportunity to vent their malice in any other way than by threats.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The hall was crowded to overflowing before the hour for calling the meeting to order, and it soon became manifest that the disturbing element had received large accessions to its force. The *Traveller* describes the mixed character of the gathering in this wise:—

"As soon as the doors were thrown open, the crowd, comprehending every grade of politics, morality, and religious belief in its ranks,—Breckinridgers, negroes, Douglas men, Garrisonians, Bell men, North streeters, Beacon streeters, John Brown's men, ministers of the Gospel, pickpockets, reporters, teamsters, dry goods jobbers, loafers, brokers, rum-sellers, ladies, thieves, gentlemen, State officers, boys, police-men—it is impossible to enumerate the elements of which this promiscuous throng was composed."

"Outside, a number of people," continues the *Traveller*, "as if too lazy to enter, and too curious to go away, hovered about the door of the Temple, inspecting all who entered with as much particularity as if they had been all veritable Nadgets, in the employ of genuine Anglo-Bengalee Life Insurance Companies.

"One gentleman seemed anxious to enter, and still very reluctant to run the gauntlet of the curious eyes. At last, he spasmodically passed the threshold, and, turning round, took off his hat, and said—

'Gentlemen—I wish my presence here may not be misconstrued. I am neither an abolitionist, a rioter, nor a pickpocket. I'm going in to see a man.'" (Silence, broken by a slight tittering.)

Just before three o'clock, a number of policemen entered the galleries, and were greeted with hisses by the rowdies, who then gave three cheers for Mayor Wightman.

The meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock by Mr. Quincy, who read a letter from FRANCIS JACKSON, President of the Society, declining a re-election. On motion of Rev. Mr. Hodges, the letter was referred to the Committee on the nomination of officers.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH was then introduced as the first speaker in the afternoon, and proceeded to address the assembly, speaking nearly an hour, in the midst of the wildest uproar, to which he paid no more attention than if he were on the other side of the globe, but spoke right on, with a logic as clear, a spirit as uncompromising, and illustrations as pertinent and forcible, as if he were addressing the most quiet and attentive audience ever assembled before him. We are obliged to defer the report of his speech till next week.

By the time Mr. Burleigh had concluded, the lower part of the hall under the gallery was completely packed with the mob, who cheered and hissed in one corner, and were lustily answered by cheers from the opposite corner, which drowned the voice of the speaker. He sat down amidst applause and hisses.

The President said he observed men in the audience with badges on their breasts. (Loud and long-continued uproar, and repetition of singing for several minutes, followed by clapping of hands and "tigers," during which the President stood in silence, or consulted with those about him.)

The President again attempted to call upon the police, but his voice was fairly drowned by the noise. The audience arose upon their feet, some trying to escape in their fright. Cushions were taken from the seats in the gallery, and tumbled down upon the heads below in rapid succession, and were tossed about from place to place. The confusion and uproar were indescribable. First, the mob would sing, then cheer, then hiss; then sway one way, and then the other; cushions and hats were thrown in the air, dogs barking, cats mewing, &c. &c., were imitated, and uproar reigned supreme. After a while, there was a lull, and the Chairman then introduced Mr. GEO. H. HOYT, of Athol, as one of John Brown's counsel.

This was the signal for a renewed outbreak of calls, and cheers, and hisses, which completely drowned Mr. Hoyt's voice.

Mr. QUINCY. I observe in the hall, scattered about in various conspicuous places, men with badges on their breasts. If the police have not been instructed by the Mayor to stand by and assist this mob by their silence and inactivity, they will do their duty. (Hisses, groans, derisive laughter, &c.)

SPEECH OF GEO. H. HOYT, ESQ.

At length Mr. Hoyt attempted to speak, though his voice must have been utterly inaudible six feet from where he stood. The reporter was close to his elbow, but the confusion was so great, that the closest attention was required to understand what he said.

I think, said Mr. Hoyt, that Mr. Garrison spoke the truth when, a quarter of a century ago, he said, "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not retreat a single inch." Before the face of a Massachusetts mob, the Anti-Slavery Society says, "We are in earnest; we will not equivocate; we will not retreat a single inch." (Tremendous uproar.)

After a pause, Mr. Hoyt said—"It seems to be a question whether your voices or my legs will first kick the beam." (The mob again sung, "We are going home,' &c.)

Mr. HOYT. You have been "going home" so long, it would be cause for thankfulness if you would go at once.

It was now four o'clock, and the disturbance had reached its culminating point. Scarcely a word could be heard that was uttered on the platform. Just then, a movement was noticed in one of the aisles, and presently it was seen that the Mayor, with the Chief of Police, and a large posse of officers, was slowly forcing his way to the platform. Arrived there, he stepped to the centre, in front of the President, and said—

SPEECH OF MAYOR WIGHTMAN.

Silence! SILENCE! SILENCE, in the gallery! Fellow-citizens—fellow-citizens—I am sure that you, who are the citizens of Boston, will listen to the voice of its Chief Magistrate. [*Gallery*—"Good"—"good"; "three cheers for Mayor Wightman."] Fellow-citizens, I can only say, that you will testify that respect for the Chief Magistrate whom you have elected, by keeping silence, and listening to that which I shall say. [*Gallery*—"We'll do it!" "Three cheers for Mayor Wightman."]

THE MAYOR (in the imperative mood.) *Silence!* SILENCE! I am requested, inasmuch as this meeting has been disturbed by tumultuous and riotous proceedings—I am requested by the Trustees of this building to disperse the meeting. [The rowdies screamed, "Good,"—"good," and cheered at the top of their lungs.]

Dea. GILBERT, one of the Trustees, pressed forward, and exclaimed, "It is n't so. Will you let me see the letter?" The Mayor declined.

Mr. QUINCY. Will you allow the agent of the building, Mr. Hayes, to see it? We doubt its authenticity.

THE MAYOR. I will not, sir. I will settle that to-morrow, not now. [Turning to the audience]—Fellow-citizens, having thus announced my purpose, under the written order of the Trustees, [*Voices*—"False,"—"False!"] I have now simply to say to you, that I am sure you will respect me enough to leave this place quietly and peaceably. ["No,"—"Yes,"—"Read the letter."]

The confusion, at this time, was indescribable—that of the platform rivaling the gallery, for everybody crowded forward to the desk, amid excited cries of—"It's false!"—"It's a lie!"—"Read it!" &c. At length the Mayor was forced, by the storm of dispute, to read the letter, which he did, first remarking—"I am requested to read the document which has been placed in my hands, and I regard it as sufficiently authentic for this purpose." The letter was as follows:

"BOSTON, Jan. 24, 1861.

HON. J. M. WIGHTMAN, Mayor of the City of Boston:

We hereby notify you that a tumultuous and riotous assembly of more than thirty persons is now engaged in disturbing a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society at Tremont Temple, and we hereby request you, in your official capacity, to quell the riot and protect the property where the meeting is now being held—to wit, Tremont Temple. Yours, respectfully,

WM. H. JAMESON,
GEO. W. CHIPMAN,
GEO. S. DEXTER,
JOSEPH STORY,
T. GILBERT."

Shouts of derisive laughter were heard on all sides, at the conclusion of the letter, for everybody saw that the request was one totally different from that stated by the Mayor.

At this point, Mr. Quincy inquired if Sheriff Clark was in the hall, stating that there was a letter of importance for him from the Governor. It was generally supposed that the letter had reference to the preservation of order, but its real character did not transpire.

Having read the letter of the Trustees, the Mayor turned to Mr. Quincy, the acting President, and asked, "What do you want me to do?" Mr. Quincy replied that he wished the galleries cleared, and the Mayor instructed the officers to perform that duty, and they entered upon it immediately, and in about fifteen minutes, the galleries were cleared, no resistance being offered. Many of the rioters, however, as they came down stairs, entered the doors at the end of the hall, until that portion was densely crowded with an uproarious crowd, enraged at the aspect of things, and excitedly yelling, "Clear the platform!" "Wightman! we want you to clear the platform!" With this modest demand, however, the Mayor did not see fit to comply.

The work of clearing the galleries was finished at 4:35, and then the President said:—

Mr. QUINCY. The members of the Anti-Slavery Society, and those who desire to participate with them, will be seated.

It was found impossible to seat the numbers who had crowded upon the platform, and the President inquired of the Mayor if the orderly portion of the audience on the platform could occupy the galleries; to which the Mayor replied in the affirmative, and soon comparative order was restored.

THE MAYOR. Gentlemen, (I shall not say ladies and gentlemen, because that is always unnecessary,) the meeting is now in a quiet state; it is for you to maintain it so. As long as there is no disturbance by any one, it will go on with its proceedings. If there is any disturbance, the police are authorized to suppress any demonstrations of that kind. (Applause, and three cheers for free speech.)

Mr. QUINCY. If the gentlemen on the edges of the meeting are contented to remain and assist in the further proceedings, they can do so; if not, the police will forthwith clear the hall of all disturbers.

The Mayor then called two of the Lieutenants of Police to the platform, and gave them instructions with regard to the disposition of their men, and that they were to be under the direction of the President of the meeting. Then, turning to Mr. Quincy, the Mayor said—"Mr. President, I now give the meeting into your hands, and take my leave."

There were no more cheers for Mayor Wightman; but the rabble that still remained in the rear of the hall cheered for the Union, and one of their number put the question, "All those in favor of adjourning the Union meeting will say "Aye," and declared it "a vote"—but still the crowd of unruly spirits remained, though their demonstrations were not so violent as before.

Mr. QUINCY. I now request all the members and friends of the Society to be seated, as far as possible. If there is any disturbance in the further proceedings of the meeting, I shall direct the further part of the hall to be cleared. Let that be understood, beforehand. We want all to stay and hear what is to be said; we do not want to turn a man of you out. If you have anything to say against any of the sentiments that have been expressed here, the platform is just as free for you to oppose as for the previous speakers to advocate them. Mr. Hoyt will now proceed with his speech.

SPEECH OF GEORGE H. HOYT, ESQ.

Mr. CHAIRMAN,—When the proceedings of the Convention were interrupted, our friends in the rear of the hall had just concluded that familiar psalm tune, to which our ears have become so accustomed, "We are going home." After a great deal of "going," and "goings on," some of our friends have actually left, and for that we are certainly obliged. (Applause.)

Some weeks ago, Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen, we who live upon the hills of Western Massachusetts received tidings from Boston which filled us with wonder and with disgust. (Hisses.) Wonder—that upon the free soil of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, even in Boston—Boston, where the tribunes of the people have spoken since liberty had a name and a foothold upon the American continent—Boston, under the shadow of Bunker Hill—the Boston of Faneuil Hall,—one man should have been found so false to his manhood and so recreant to his social trust, as for one single moment to entertain the purpose to interfere with the free discussion of the question of anti-slavery. Disgust, I say also, that when a considerable body of men entertaining this contemptible purpose were found willing and ready to invade this very Temple, and here successfully assail the dearest right an American can possess, the strong right arm of municipal authority was not instantly outstretched to quell the mob, and, in the name of law, liberty, and American civilization, protect the respectable gentlemen here engaged in an investigation of the merits of that question. I think it may not be egotism in me to say, that I know well what the sentiment of Massachusetts is in regard to this matter of free speech. I will at least undertake to speak for Middle and Western Massachusetts; and it is time that Boston understood that the whole of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not contained in this peninsula, and that, if the people of Boston will not vindicate and defend that right, the people of the Commonwealth, in their sovereign capacity, will come here and do it for them, to save our dear old Commonwealth from that reproach. (Loud applause, and hisses from the remnant of the mob.) I thank God that at last the City Government of Boston has undertaken to defend this right to us. We would maintain it ourselves, and by their aid and assistance we shall maintain it throughout the proceedings of this Convention. [*A Voice*—"I'll bet you don't."]

I suppose there may be some here who would like to know upon what basis a professed Republican of the campaign of 1860 can stand here. I have not, hitherto, understood that there was necessarily any inconsistency between a Republican, believing in political action as a remedy for the evils of slavery, and a conscientious Abolitionist.

A VOICE—"Is John A. Andrew an Abolitionist?"

Mr. HOYT. I hope to heaven he is; and I think I can say he is. If he is not, he is no true Governor of Massachusetts. I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented by the recent Senatorial speech of William H. Seward; I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented by the compromises of Tom Corwin; I do not mean such Republicanism *as is represented by Charles* Francis Adams, who proposes to admit New Mexico as a slave State. [*The rioters*—"Three cheers for Adams."] I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented, for instance, by the Springfield *Republican*,—a smart journal in the western part of the State, which has not, until lately, found dirt enough to eat,—which says the Republicans are not opposed to slavery as a sin *per se*, but because it is a ruinous system, regarded as a question of political economy. But I mean such Republicanism as would legislate eternal liberty into the Territories. [Here there was a rush and surge in the back part of the hall, and every indication of a row. The lights were put out under the gallery, and, for a moment, a serious disturbance was anticipated; but nothing came of it; the gas was again set aflame, and Mr. Hoyt proceeded.] I mean such Republicanism as would legislate eternal liberty into those Territories which are the common inheritance of the people of the whole country. That is the sort of Republicanism I mean; and as I have hitherto been a Republican and a conscientious Abolitionist, so here and now, because my reason and my heart prompt me to make the declaration, I declare that I am also in favor of Disunion. (Applause, hisses, and cries of "Put him out.") And, as conscientiously as I have hitherto been a Republican and an Abolitionist, I declare to-day that I believe the Southern States have a right to secede, and will secede, ["Good,"] and I am glad of it. (Applause and hisses.) For slavery is, as the "Thunderer" of the London press declares, "a disgrace to the whole nation;" and when at last the slave States have gone out of the Union by themselves, they will have taken away from the remaining States of the Confederacy the disgrace and ignominy of becoming responsible, to any extent, for the intolerable curse and crime of human bondage. (Hisses.) So I say the slave States have seceded, and will stay in that attitude, and I am glad of it, because I see in that condition of affairs a bright ray of hope for the persecuted and oppressed negro. [*A Voice*—"Why don't you fight for him?"] In the course of events, those States will either abolish slavery as a matter of self-preservation (and God speed that day!) or else the sun of some morning will shine on another St. Domingo, and many and many another Toussaint. (Cheers and hisses.)

I stood by the side of John Brown in the hour of his trial (applause, groans, hisses, and yells); I stood by his side in the scene of his mock trial and his persecution—[*A Voice*—"Shame on you!"] and I would have remained by him until he was executed, if a Southern mob had not driven me from the room. ("Good"—"good," cried the rowdies.) Mind you! I have stood in the face of a Southern mob, and I shall not retreat in the face of a Boston mob. ("Good"—and applause.) By the side of John Brown, in the presence of that manly resignation and that heroic fortitude which struck the world dumb with admiration, I registered in my heart a solemn vow, that so long as God permits me to live upon this earth, His footstool, I will, with *all* the powers He gives me, oppose the cursed institution of slavery, even to its utter abolition. (Loud applause and hisses.) Entertaining these convictions, I am no man if I occupy any other position than the one I do occupy to-day. I am here to-day because Boston tells me that upon this platform I shall not declare slavery to be a curse and a crime; because Boston declares that the people of Massachusetts shall not clear themselves of the iniquity of the institution. I am here to-day because I am instructed that it is unpopular to stand here. If that be the case, I thank God for that unpopularity, and I hope to carry a large amount of that unpopularity along with me through life. (Applause and hisses.)

I have said all and more than I intended when I took this position; but I could not consent that my feeble speech should be broken up by a combined and menacing mob in the city of Boston, where I have lived ten years. I saw in that gallery and in the rear of this hall, many and many a young man with whom I have associated in this city; some with whom I was in the public schools, and many with whom I have associated in other relations; and I should have felt it to be a lasting disgrace if, when their voices were uprised to silence me, I had submitted. I trust, fellow-citizens, ladies and gentlemen, that all men who believe in the crime and wickedness of the institution of slavery, and have hitherto declared their belief in the necessity for its utter abolition, in the

be attacked by a mob, and in order to prevent a disturbance, he ordered the Hall closed.

Thereupon the audience dispersed, and the doors were closed.

The crowd in the street before the Hall constantly increased, and at 7½ o'clock the passage of vehicles was a matter of no small difficulty. The Chief of Police assured the crowd that the Hall would not be opened during the evening, and thereupon three cheers were given for the Police of Boston, and three groans for the Legislature of Massachusetts. Until this time, the crowd would not believe that the meeting was not to take place, but regarded the thing as a ruse to drive them off; nor did the assurance of the Chief carry full conviction to their minds. To make a sure thing of it, several attempts were made to force the upper side entrance. The door successfully resisted, however. The cry of "a row!" was raised, and a rush was made toward the Montgomery Buildings, but nothing but a few broken panes of glass in the windows of the Tremont Rooms resulted from this. A few minutes later, a cry of "Fall in" was raised on the west sidewalk of Tremont street, opposite the hotel, and in obedience to the general call, an irregular procession was formed and marched, in no very good order, in a southerly direction. Suddenly, those who were at the head of this impromptu procession rushed directly across the street, in the direction of Montgomery place. The object of this rush was soon apparent. One John C. Cluer, somewhat notorious in this city, was seized; he broke loose, reached the steps of the Montgomery House, was seized again, pulled down the steps, thrown down upon the sidewalk and kicked in several places, as he avers, to his own great injury. A gentleman, accompanied by a lady, interfered; Cluer got up and got away, the crowd passively looking on the while. He was forthwith joined by some friends, with whom he ran down Montgomery place. The crowd followed in hot pursuit, but the pursued succeeded in escaping to the Anti-Slavery Office, and subsequently found his way to the Fourth Police Station, where he recounted his wrongs.

The police made strenuous efforts to clear the streets, and they were successful. By 8 o'clock the crowd had very nearly disappeared from the street, and the more turbulent portion thereof took refuge in the Tremont House bar-room, which was filled to its utmost capacity for nearly an hour. The amount of drinking, however, was by no means proportional to the crowd. A chair served as a rostrum for various speakers. The first speaker delivered his views on the topics of the day — secession, coercion, metropolitan police, free speech, &c.—at considerable length, and until he was satisfied that his remarks had ceased to be acceptable. The next had not risen to make any extended remarks, but merely to propose three cheers for "Hon. Lucius Slade and his letter." Finally, a young man, whose name was announced to be Lee—supposed to be the person who appears hereinafter as having been arrested by the Fourth Police, under another name, mounted the chair, and proposed that all hands "step up to the bar and drink, and then adjourn to Johnny Gallagher's arbor, in Howard street, and there organize and go up to Phillips's house, and carve him out." He continued, "How many will go?" About a dozen persons held up their hands, a few cries of "Hoe him out!" "Carve him out!" &c., also responded. The persons who were assumed to be the recognized leaders of the mob disappeared, at this time, from public view, and were not seen again in any of the demonstrations of the evening.

Finally, the crowd, with some apparent reluctance, marched away in something like order.

From the Tremont House, a large crowd rushed down Tremont street, hooting, hallooing, and urging each other on by the call of "Howard street! Howard street!" In front of the Athenæum the crowd halted and demanded to be organized, whereupon the person who passed under the name of Harry Lee at the bar-room, mounted some stone steps, took off his hat, and briefly called attention to the object of their assembling. Motions were made to adjourn to Essex street, and this individual put it to vote, and adjourned them to that place. The crowd immediately turned out of Howard street, shouting, "To Wendell Phillips's, to Wendell Phillips's," and all started for that point.

Upon arriving in front of the residence of Mr. Phillips, a small crowd, under the leadership of one who bore a striking resemblance to Harry Lee, commenced singing, "Tell John Andrew," &c. To this they added a stave, in which they expressed their conviction that "salt won't save him." Groans and hootings followed, as a matter of course, the crowd being constantly augmented by delegations from the Tremont House and Howard street, who joined in the disturbance. In a short time, Deputy Chief of Police Ham made his appearance upon the steps of Mr. Phillips's house, and was soon reinforced by a strong detachment of officers from the Fourth Station. Mr. Ham addressed the crowd, informing them of his official character, and giving them the choice of either retiring to their homes or being taken to the station house, at the same time directing the officers to clear the street, which by this time was pretty well filled. It was noticeable, however, that those who had been the loudest at the Tremont House in urging the crowd to go, were not with them.

The officers proceeded promptly to the discharge of their duty, and soon the crowd was dispersed. In the course of these proceedings, a young man, resembling the ubiquitous Harry Lee, while in the act of informing the crowd, in musical accents, that he would n't go home till morning, was arrested and taken to the station house. He was arrested as one Foster, which name he repudiated, and claimed the surname of Eldridge. Notwithstanding his avowal in the street that he would n't go home till morning, he now insisted that he was on his way to the Old Colony depot, to take the half-past nine o'clock train for home, and in support of his statement, he exhibited a note addressed to his wife, informing her that he should not be at home till late, as he was going to the Anti-Slavery meeting at the Tremont Temple. When questioned, he acknowledged that he had made a speech in the bar-room of the Tremont House, but was innocent of all evil intentions. He was retained in custody. A boy was also arrested for taking part in the disturbance. Before ten o'clock, the streets were cleared, and the city was as quiet as ever.

FRIDAY MORNING.

On Friday morning, the general public being unaware that it had been decided by the officers of the Society not to attempt to hold any further meeting, since they had been ejected from their hall by the Mayor, a large number of people assembled at the doors of the Temple, at an early hour, some of them evidently friends, but the majority, as evidently, of the character of those who had disturbed the preceding meetings, if not the same individual rioters. The police, who were stationed at the doors, informed the crowd that no meeting was to be held there that day, which satisfied the well-disposed, who left at once; but the rabble were incredulous, and, regarding the statement as a "weak invention of the enemy" to deprive them of their anticipated fun, hung about the doors, or entered the side door, which leads to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the offices of other tenants, visiting, without ceremony, any apartment which they chose, and making themselves generally obnoxious by their rowdyish conduct and vile talk.

Mr. Hayes, the agent of the building, repeatedly assured the intruders that there was to be no meeting, —that the officers of the Society had resolved not to hold their meeting by *permission* of the Mayor,—and requested them to withdraw, but without avail; and not until the hour appointed for the meeting (10 o'clock) had long passed, did the crowd evince any disposition to leave. At length, however, the police were able to clear the street, and restore order and quiet.

BUSINESS MEETING AT THE ROOMS OF THE SOCIETY.

A large number of the members and friends of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, finding the Temple closed against them, assembled at its Room, 221 Washington street, where the events of the preceding day, the conduct of the city authorities, and incidental matters, were the topics of animated conversation for a considerable time. The reason for the discontinuance of the meeting not being generally understood, the advent of the officers of the Society was looked for with much interest; and when Mr. Quincy and Mr. May entered the room, they were besieged by a host of inquirers, anxious to learn the exact position of affairs. At length, in order to satisfy all present, Mr. QUINCY called the meeting to order, and said:—

You all know how our meeting was interfered with yesterday, and how it was concluded in comparative good order, by the interference of the Mayor. When he came there, he intended, undoubtedly—I am willing to believe, through a mistaken impression of the request of the Trustees—to clear the hall. When informed of the error, he cleared the disturbers out, and put us in possession of the hall.

He then came to me, and asked me what I wanted him to do; and from that time forward he took the part of a good magistrate. He left me a force of police to keep order. Mr. Hoyt concluded his speech, and good order was kept—at least, he could be heard. The Mayor also said to me that he *recognized the legality of our meeting, and would protect us.*

He then said to me: Now I have restored to you the control of the meeting; now, sir, I wish you to consider whether it is well for you to hold a meeting tonight. The authorities are often unable to control the fury of mobs when excited, and are overborne by force. He virtually asked me to have no meeting in the evening. I said I could not decide; that it belonged to the Society to do so; but that I was sure they would not forego the evening meeting. I told him that tickets were to be used, and I did not believe there would be any disturbance.

What influences were brought to bear upon the Mayor afterwards, I do not know; but you all know of the unfortunate orders which were issued after he left us.

Last night, we met and talked the matter over with a few friends, and we concluded to-day that we would not recognize the right of the Mayor to turn us out last night, by accepting his permission to use the hall to-day.

HENRY C. WRIGHT. I wish to state that no order was served on the Trustees; it was the Chief of Police. I was there, and saw him in the hall. It has been stated that the order was served on the Trustees.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr. Both statements are right; an order was sent both to the Chief of Police and the Trustees.

Mr. WRIGHT. Well, the Trustees were not present at the meeting.

A. T. FOSS. The Mayor, I understand, sent orders to have the Temple closed to-day.

Mr. QUINCY. Well, we got ahead of him there.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., moved that a meeting of the Society be held in this room at 12 o'clock.

Several persons inquired, "Why not now?" and, after some little discussion, Mr. May amended his motion so that it should read to have the meeting called immediately, and in that shape it passed, without objection.

At this point, three of the Trustees of the Temple entered the room, and said that they had called for the purpose of ascertaining the correctness of a statement which had been made to them by the city authorities, to the effect that the Society had declined to occupy the hall that day. They were ready, they said, to open the hall, and only wished to be certain as to the wishes of the Society.

Mr. QUINCY repeated the statement he had already made to the meeting upon this subject, and said that he would communicate to the Trustees, in writing, the action of the officers of the Society, and their reasons for it, and these gentlemen took their leave.

Mr. MAY then moved a vote of thanks to the Trustees of the Tremont Temple for their firm and manly course, and for their devotion to the interests of liberty and free speech, which was passed by acclamation.

A gentleman here said, "We may thank Mayor Wightman for all this." To which Mr. Quincy replied—"Mayor Wightman is of no consequence. Why, gentlemen, there is no such man as Mayor Wightman." (Laughter.)

Mr. BUFFUM. Mr. Chairman, some of us are anxious to know whether there is such a man as Governor Andrew?

THE CHAIRMAN. Let us leave these personal matters till another time, and attend to our regular business.

Mr. WRIGHT then moved that the Society proceed to the choice of officers for the ensuing year. Carried.

Mr. MAY moved that the old list be chosen, and that Mr. Jackson's letter of declination be referred to the Managing Committee of the Society, and that they be requested to invite Mr. Jackson to withdraw his declination, and remain as President. Carried.

The question was then put on the adoption of the resolutions submitted by Mr. Phillips on Thursday morning, and they were carried unanimously.

Mr. MAY then read the following resolution:—

Resolved, That in the death of the Rev. Dr. CHARLES LOWELL, the American slave and the colored people of this country have lost a warm-hearted, generous, and steadfast friend. His sincere and transparent soul would not refuse, and could not conceal, a warm interest and sympathy in the cause which has sought and still seeks to gain, for this oppressed race, their rights as men, as citizens, and as equal children of the great and loving God. Early impressed by their wrongs and by their claims upon him as a man and as a minister of Christ, he continued faithful unto death. In the later years of his life, although suffering greatly from bodily disease and pain, no subject was nearer to his heart; and among the last words which he committed to writing, a few hours before his death, was an expression of his deep interest in a family of American slaves, and in their restoration to freedom, and his heartfelt "God-speed" to the work of redeeming our country from the sin and the shame of slavery. We mourn his departure, for he was a truly upright, single-minded and Christian man, whose life was a connecting link between these times and the purer and better days of the churches of Boston, whose instructive voice ever showed the path of duty, and whose persuasive example called us to walk in it; and now that we can see his face no more, we would invoke a double portion of his spirit to be with us, in these days of our nation's vacillation in duty and want of faith in God.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Rev. ADIN BALLOU, of Hopedale, offered the following resolution:—

Resolved, That this Society has aimed at nothing, proposed nothing, and done nothing, but what is in strict accordance with love to God and all mankind.

That it has exercised only the acknowledged natural and constitutional rights belonging to all of the people of Massachusetts.

That we have demeaned ourselves in all respects as peaceable citizens of the Commonwealth, and that our regular twenty-ninth annual meeting has been causelessly broken up by the mob and Mayor of Boston.

That we abate not a jot of our testimony against chattel slavery, whose dupes have trampled on our sacred rights; that we will persistently assert and exercise those rights to the fullest extent of our ability as peaceable citizens.

That we throw the entire responsibility of the outrages perpetrated against us in the breaking up of our meeting on the Mayor of Boston, and that we appeal with confidence from his mal-administration of government to the Boston that will be, to the country, to the civilized world, and to Almighty God.

H. C. WRIGHT. I move to amend by making it read —"appeal to the *State* and country."

Mr. BALLOU. I think Massachusetts is included in the phrase "civilized world." (Laughter.)

A VOICE. I move to amend by making the Mayor alone responsible for the riot. He was the real cause, and the mob were only his tools.

ANOTHER. I move to make it read "*the Mayor and his mob.*"

Somebody moved to amend by an insertion that "the Mayor has done his duty."

THE CHAIRMAN. What is your name, sir?

GENTLEMAN. My name is John Davies, of the Boston Museum.

The CHAIRMAN stated that this was a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and that only members of that Society could submit motions or vote, though any one was at liberty to speak.

Mr. DAVIES thereupon frankly apologized, stating that he had supposed the meeting a public one, or he should not have offered his amendment.

Mr. QUINCY then remarked that it was desirable to conclude their business as soon as possible, inasmuch as they could not tell how soon the mob might pay that room a visit, and there were many tenants in the building whose rights should be respected and cared for. He hoped, therefore, the several amendments which had been suggested would not be pressed. No further remarks being offered, the question was put, and the resolution of Mr. Ballou adopted.

It was stated that there were several other resolutions which it was desired to present to the Society, but, in view of the circumstances, it was not thought advisable to occupy time by reading them; whereupon a motion was made, and carried, that all remaining resolutions be referred to the Board of Managers, to be inserted in the proceedings of the meeting, if they think best.

The meeting then adjourned, *sine die.*

Towards the close of the meeting, some of the Tremont Temple rioters had found their way to the building, and stood about the door, annoying the people who entered or came out by blockading the passage, and by their insulting remarks. A police force was sent for, who, on their arrival, dispersed the crowd, and kept guard for a while at the door, to prevent the entrance of any suspicious persons. No serious disturbance, however, of any kind, occurred.

☞ During the day, Mr. QUINCY sent the following note to the Trustees of the Temple, in accordance with his promise mentioned above:—

ANTI-SLAVERY ROOMS, BOSTON, Jan. 25, 1861.
TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE TREMONT TEMPLE:

GENTLEMEN,—The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society having been shut out of the Tremont Temple, of which they were lawful possessors, by contract with you, last night, by order of the Mayor, have instructed me to inform you that they shall decline occupying the Temple to-day as they had originally intended. The Mayor having turned us out of the hall, we decline to recognize his right to do that illegal action by consenting to go into it again by his tacit or express permission. The responsibility of preventing the assembling of a meeting of citizens for the purpose of the expression and discussion of opinion now rests upon the Mayor, and we do not choose to relieve him of any portion of it by any action of ours.

I have much pleasure in transmitting to the Trustees the thanks of the Society, unanimously voted at a meeting held at their rooms this morning, for their firm and manly conduct in maintaining freedom of speech within their hall to the utmost of their ability.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, with great respect, your obedient servant, EDMUND QUINCY,
Acting President of the Society.

☞ At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, on Saturday, January 26th, it was voted that the following Preamble and Resolutions be adopted, and published with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, at which they were intended to be presented:—

Resolved, That this Society cordially adopts, as specially applicable to the lawless attempts now making to suppress all discussion of the subject of slavery, both in this city and elsewhere, the following series of resolutions, written by WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, presented by BENJAMIN F. HALLETT, Esq., and supported by GEORGE S. HILLARD, Esq., at a meeting of the citizens of Boston, held in Faneuil Hall, December 8th, 1837, to protest against the murder of the martyred Abolitionist, Rev. ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY, at Alton, Illinois:—

"Resolved, That it has pleased God to commit to this people, above all others, the cause of human freedom; that we are called to the high office of manifesting the power of free institutions to ennoble and bless a people; and that in proving false to this trust, we shall not only cast away our own happiness, but shall betray the interests of the human race, and shall deserve the condemning sentence of all nations and of future times.

Resolved, That to offer violence to the rights of the citizens in a free country, where these rights are understood and recognized and taken under the protection of the laws, is a more heinous crime, and of more fatal influence, than the oppressions of absolute hereditary power.

Resolved, That among our rights, we hold none more dear than the freedom of speech and the press; that we look to this as the guardian of all other rights, and the chief spring of human improvement; so that to wrest it from the citizen, by violence and murder, is to inflict the deepest wound on the republic.

Resolved, That, by the ordination of Providence, we are passing through a stage of society in which principles and institutions are subjected to the severest scrutiny, and that, at such a period, earnest conflicts of opinion cannot be escaped, and ought to be cheerfully endured as inseparable from the exercise of a privilege which is essential to the progress and best interest of the human race.

Resolved, That it is the fundamental idea of freedom of speech and the press, that the citizen shall be protected from violence, in uttering opinions opposed to those which prevail around him; that if by such freedom nothing more were intended than the liberty of publishing what none would deny, then absolute governments might boast of it as loudly as republics; so that to put the citizen in peril, on the ground that he presumptuously perseveres in uttering what is unpopular, or what the majority do not approve, is to assail this freedom in its very foundation, and to destroy its very life.

Resolved, That in a free country, the laws, enacted according to the prescriptions of the Constitution, are the voice of the people, and are the only forms by which the sovereignty of the people is exercised and expressed; and that of consequence a mob, or a combination of citizens for the purpose of suspending by force the administration of the laws, or of taking away rights which these have guaranteed, is treason against the people, a contempt of their sovereignty, and deserves to be visited with exemplary punishment.

Resolved, That the spirit of mobs is a spirit of indiscriminate destruction; that when the press [or freedom of speech] shall have become its prey, its next victim will be property; that there is no power on earth so terrible as human passion, unbridled by principle and law, and inflamed to madness by the sympathies of a crowd; and that if we silently and passively abandon any portion of our fellow-citizens to this power, we shall have no right to complain when our own turn shall come to feed its rapaciousness and fury.

Resolved, That in this country the mightiest influence is public opinion; that mobs cannot prevail without a criminal apathy in the public mind; that one of the darkest omens of our times is the indifference with which the nation has looked on the triumphs of lawless force; and that the time is now come for this people to shake off their lethargy, to vindicate the insulted majesty of the laws, and to pronounce a sentence on unprincipled violence, which the reckless and turbulent will be unable to withstand.

Resolved, That the Christian is not authorized by his religion to look with indifference on public affairs, and that he ought particularly to be roused by acts of cruelty and violence which degrade our country to the level of heathenism."

Whereas, one most important means of checking that deterioration in morals and religion, which complicity with slavery has brought upon the American Church, is found in the utterance of faithful admonition and rebuke by sister churches in other countries; and

Whereas, a portion of the Baptist churches in Great Britain have faithfully performed this duty in the case of Rev. Dr. Baron Stow, minister of the Rowe Street Church in Boston—first inquiring of himself (during his late visit to England) as to the truth of certain reports injuriously affecting his character as a minister—then comparing his replies with indisputable facts in their possession respecting his relation to slavery, to *caste*, and to anti-slavery—then again appealing to him with the inquiry whether he could explain some things that were found incorrect, and some that appeared evasive and disingenuous in his original statement—and, finally, (when he took refuge in silence, and, for six months after their letter of inquiry, still refrained from returning any answer,) using the proof of his various and pertinacious complicity with slavery as the basis of an appeal to the Baptist churches of this country against the continuance of *their* complicity with it; therefore—

1. Resolved, That the thanks of the slave and his friends are due to the London Board of Baptist Ministers—and especially to Rev. William H. Bonner, pastor of the Trinity Street Baptist Church, London, to whose diligence in making this examination, and to whose faithfulness in reporting its results, the action in question is mainly to be attributed—and that we hail with joy this beginning of a discrimination on the part of British Christians between the "profession" and the practice of religion in America.

2. Resolved, That church-members, alike in this country and in England, should be stimulated to faithful labors in behalf of the slave by the unquestionable fact that these labors are urgently demanded for the purification of the church; and that in no way can they benefit the church more effectually than by striving for the utter overthrow of that slavery which, in this country, has been the most fertile source of her corruptions.

3. Resolved, That the fast-coming events of the present time loudly echo the call, which duty has always made upon American ministers, to do what the few truly Christian members of their body have long since done, namely, to preach strongly on our national sin of slaveholding, and on the guilt of that support which our Northern religion and politics, literature and trade, have hitherto chosen to volunteer in its behalf.

4. Resolved, That the following events, occurring within the past year, illustrate the truth, at the present time, of that which was long ago said by an Orthodox churchmember, Hon. James G. Birney, of Kentucky, that "the Church is the great bulwark of slavery":—

1. The action of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which, pretending to revise her "Discipline," (in the quadrennial General Conference which met at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1860,) left in it the allowance of slaveholding, the allowance of *caste*, and the continued membership of many thousands of slaveholders.

2. The open preaching, by Northern ministers of various denominations, of the latest phase of Southern doctrine, namely, that slavery is appointed and approved by God, and beneficial to all the parties concerned in it.

3. The letter sent by Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., of New York, and many other eminent clergymen of that city and Philadelphia, through the "religious" papers, to their slaveholding brethren, expressing (in substance) hearty sympathy with their regrets at the decline of the Slave Power.

4. The continuance in a thoroughly pro-slavery position of that great representative body, the American Tract Society.

5. The time-serving policy pursued by the Boston Tract Society, which emphatically declares itself "not anti-slavery," even when venturing to step so far in advance of its former position as to *discuss*, "fraternally" towards the slaveholders, "those moral evils and vices which slavery is known to promote."

6. The *advance* in guilty complicity with slavery made by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who now publicly declare the slaveholding nation of Cherokees to be "a Christian people," and further declare that their missionaries (who for forty-three years have favored the continuance of slavery there,) have been "exemplary in the discharge of *all* their missionary duties."

7. The continuance in a position of substantial aid to slavery by the "religious press" (so called), whether, like the New York *Observer*, it upholds that wickedness in full, or whether, like the *Independent*, it upholds it only in the Church and the "American Board."

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1861.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Delinquent subscribers for the past year,—that is, from January 1, 1860, to January 1, 1861,—are respectfully requested to remember our STANDING RULE, by which their papers will be discontinued after February 1, 1861, unless payment for the same be previously sent in. We shall be extremely sorry to lose a single subscriber in this manner, especially at this crisis in our national affairs; but, as our printed terms indicate that payment is to be made *in advance*, we are sure if, instead of rigidly exacting it, we allow (as we do) *a credit of thirteen months to delinquents*, they can have no cause of complaint when their papers are stopped for omitting to make settlement.

BOSTON UNDER MOB LAW---MAYOR WIGHTMAN ENFORCING IT.

In our last number, we announced the probability that the approaching annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in this city, would be riotously assaulted, in consequence of its official outlawry in advance by Mayor Wightman, and the malignant efforts of the *Courier* to stir up every thing vile and brutal in opposition to its proceedings. What we anticipated was more than realized on Thursday and Friday last. Being thus invited and stimulated to do their worst, with an assurance that they could do so with impunity, rowdies and ruffians of every stripe gathered from North street and Beacon street, and the surrounding regions,—shoulder-hitters, pimps, gamblers, pickpockets, &c. &c.,—and during the forenoon and afternoon of the first day were allowed to enact scenes to be paralleled only in Pandemonium—, bellowing like beasts, hissing like serpents, yelling like fiends, full of whiskey and blasphemy, lost to all sense of decency, and writhing like the demons of old in the presence of Jesus, the world's Liberator. There was no waiting to see what sentiments might be advanced from the platform; it made no difference who the speaker was,—Ralph Waldo Emerson, (who has more intellect in his little finger than the whole crowd of rioters carried in their heads,) James Freeman Clarke, Wendell Phillips, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Charles C. Burleigh, George H. Hoyt, all were hissed and howled at alike; and an audience of two thousand men and women, such as only Massachusetts can produce for solid character and high moral worth, combined with rare general intelligence and the broadest philanthropy, were thus insulted and outraged, hour after hour, the police looking on passively, because without instructions to act, except for a few minutes in the afternoon, and thus by their very presence and inaction encouraging the shameful uproar. Intermingled with this rowdy gang were the sons of "the first families," and a large number of clerks from Franklin street and other parts of the city, each endeavoring to outstrip the Irish ragamuffins (who were numerously represented on the occasion) in senseless clamor and indecent behavior.

The manner in which this dastardly invasion of their legal rights was met by the great assembly, convened there for a high and holy purpose, was admirable throughout. In the midst of the wildest tumult and the most ferocious demonstrations, they were patient, calm, serene, unmoved—the noble body of women, in particular, exhibiting the truest heroism and the most entire self-possession. The contrast between the galleries and the floor and the platform of the Temple was as great as could be exhibited between vice and virtue, mental imbecility and the highest intellectual development, moral degradation and spiritual growth, measureless vulgarity and the most perfect refinement of manners. According to the *Courier*, (whose editors daily write themselves down the most unscrupulous of villains,) the orderly assembly were "a seditious mob," "outraging the reason and decent feeling of the community," who had "no right to ask the protection of the laws," while the howling wretches and desperate cut-throats who attempted to break up the meeting were the representatives of "law and order," and the champions of the Christian faith and of "our glorious Union"!

Neither Mr. Richard S. Fay nor Mr. J. Murray Howe was seen among the rioters. They did not dare present themselves, but, doubtless, were active as wire-pullers behind the scene, with others equally "respectable," and equally unprincipled. That Senatorial ruffian, Hon. (!) Lucius Slade, who wrote to a Georgian, a few weeks since, to this effect—"A John Brown meeting cannot be held in Boston now, any more than it could in Atlanta—*we have got a most powerful organization here, which will be heard from in due time*"—was, no doubt, busy with his secret conspirators to carry out his atrocious declaration.

The most guilty of all these rioters was Mayor Wightman, who stands before the community guilty of the most flagrant violation of his oath of office, and the basest and most sneaking usurpation of power. With a falsehood upon his lips, he attempted to break up the afternoon meeting, pretending to have authority from the Trustees of the Temple for so doing; but, being compelled to read their request to him, he stood convicted before the vast assembly, the derision of his own partizans, and the contempt and scorn of the orderly portion. Caught in his own trap, he was forced to clear the gallery at the order of the Chairman, and thus "to make a virtue of necessity." But he immediately retired to his office, and thence issued his imperious mandate to the police to close the Temple, and prevent further meetings; and the deed of violence was done.

It will be seen, by the proceedings in preceding pages, that the Abolitionists, while in session, were neither broken up nor intimidated in any degree; and the speakers continued to be heard, from time to time, to the edification and delight of all those present who "reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man."

We have many additional comments to make upon this riot, but lack of space forbids this week.

"FREE SPEECH" IN THE LEGISLATURE.

MASS. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
Friday Afternoon, Jan. 25th, 1861.

Immediately upon the completion of the calendar business, Mr. TYLER, of Boston, moved that the House adjourn. Lost—84 yeas, 112 nays.

Mr. PARKER, of Worcester, asked leave to introduce a bill for the consideration of the House. There are facts, he said, that are known to every member of the House, which do not need to be enlarged upon at all, but which call upon this Legislature for prompt and immediate action for the protection of one of the fundamental rights of every citizen of this Commonwealth. This call upon the Legislature should be promptly responded to here. When, two days ago, an order was introduced, looking to the establishment of a Metropolitan Police system for Boston, I felt as I know many members of this Legislature did, that Boston—of whose fair fame every citizen of New England is proud—I felt that there was no necessity for such a measure as that. But as a matter of courtesy, I was in favor of concurring with the Senate. I must say, I little dreamed then that anything would arise in this old State capital of our own Commonwealth—this city that gave birth to Adams and Hancock—which could in any degree justify such a measure. But God save the mark! The Athens of America—as it is called—this capital of the Commonwealth in which the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence had their birth, has refused protection to the citizens of the State, and of the city, when they demanded protection in the exercise of the right of discussing these questions which agitate the country at the present time. Personally I have not the least sympathy with those persons who belong to that society. I think the treason they preach is as reprehensible as the treason of Toombs and Yancey, with this exception, that their treason is for the sake of freedom, while the treason of Toombs is for the sake of slavery. Now, sir, the bill which I hold in my hand, and which I ask permission of the House to introduce, looks to this purpose—that when any city or town shall, by the petition of twelve persons, say to the Governor of the Commonwealth that they fear that a legal meeting will be broken up, he may order the Sheriff of the County or the local militia to interfere to preserve the peace. If, yesterday, that had been the law of the land, our old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the city of Boston, would not have been disgraced by an attempt to put down by brute force a legal meeting of citizens. Mr. PARKER then read the bill as follows:—

A Bill to Ensure and Protect the Freedom of Speech.

SECTION 1. Chapter 164 of the General Statutes, entitled, "Of Offences against the Public Peace," be and is hereby so amended that the Governor of the Commonwealth shall, at the request of twelve or more citizens of any city or town of this State, who desire to hold a lawful public meeting, and fear a riot or tumultuous and disorderly assemblage, have power to order the Sheriff of the county in which such meeting is to be held, or the active militia located therein, to proceed to the place of the threatened riot or tumultuous assemblage, mentioned in section 1, chapter 164, and there exercise all the powers given to the civil and military authority, in said chapter 164, for the suppression of all attempts to disturb the public peace or abridge the freedom of speech.

SEC. 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

Leave to introduce was granted without a count, and the bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The SPEAKER—Mr. FISK, of Shelburne, asks leave to introduce the following resolve. (Read by the Clerk):—

Whereas, the Declaration of Rights of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts solemnly declares that the people have a right, in an orderly and peaceable manner, to assemble and consult upon the common good; and

Whereas, the members of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which assembled yesterday in an orderly and peaceable manner, at a Hall leased by them in the city of Boston, for the purpose of holding the 29th anniversary of the formation of their association, were disgracefully disturbed by a mob of lawless men; and

Whereas, the Mayor of the said city of Boston did neglect to preserve the peace and quiet of the Society so convened, and did, without leave or authority of the officers of said Society, close the doors of the Hall so leased, thereby depriving the members of said Society of their right to assemble in a peaceable and orderly manner; and

Whereas, the members of said Society, by reason of being deprived of their just rights, have been unable to transact in a proper manner the business for which they were thus convened; therefore,

Resolved, That the use of the Representatives' Hall be tendered to the officers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society for the purpose of holding a session this, Friday, evening.

Mr. SAWYER, of Boston, moved that the Resolve be referred to the Committee on Public Buildings. Lost.

Mr. SMITH, of Boston, was understood to say that he had voted to grant leave to Mr. Parker to introduce his bill, because he was always ready to go for free speech, and because it seemed to him that cases might arise in other cities in which a law of that kind might be useful—the city of Lynn is suggested; and at any rate, it was not proposed to have any peculiar application to Boston. But in regard to this order, I feel that inasmuch as the House has already submitted to its committee the question whether or not the use of this Hall shall be granted for miscellaneous purposes, and inasmuch as the committee has reported that it ought not to be so used, the order ought not to be adopted. Look at the condition of public affairs, sir. This country never before has been in the condition it is now. Never before, sir, has the question been whether the Union shall live or not. The question now is whether this flag of our country shall wave over our heads as citizens of America, or whether we shall become a broken and dissevered nation. It is a serious question! It is a solemn question! and every man owes it to his country, to his whole country, to do everything within his power to restore harmony. And whilst I could not sacrifice principle in the slightest degree, yet, at the same time, I would do everything which could be done consistently to preserve this government entire.

Now, sir, it is very well known to gentlemen that a very excited state of things exists throughout the Southern States—an excitement produced, it is very true, under an extremely mistaken idea of the purposes and feelings of the people of the North. Indications of the extent of this state of feeling come to us every day. Now, sir, if in this peculiar state of affairs, the gentlemen who are desirous of speaking in this hall are invited to it by the Legislature, the Southern people will very properly take them and their speeches to be the proper and fair representatives of the sentiments and purposes of the Republican party of Massachusetts. In view of the excited state of feeling at the South, in view of the condition of public affairs, I submit to the candid judgment of the House whether, contrary to the order we have adopted, contrary to the custom we have established, we shall invite this society to occupy our hall. I submit, that if we give it to them, it will strengthen and encourage them, and that it will take away from the conservative and moderate men of the South the basis upon which they are pleading for the Union. I believe it is the right of every man in this country—the right of every slave in this country, that the Union shall be kept together, and I believe that if, under these peculiar circumstances, this resolve was passed, it would have a tendency to prevent that conciliation which alone can save the Union.

Mr. FISKE, of Shelburne, next addressed the Chair, and proceeded to give an account of the proceedings at the Temple, yesterday, which he witnessed, and said it was not until then that he made up his mind that the Legislature ought to do something. Then he made up his mind to be henceforth an Abolitionist, and to fight slavery, not in Carolina, but in Massachusetts. If there was no other place in Boston where free speech would be protected, he hoped the attempt would be made in the State House.

Mr. CALHOUN, of Springfield, said he had a high regard for the city of Boston and the Commonwealth, but he could not shut his eyes to things as they were passing. They were here to act with caution. They were asked to open a hall to those who were refused a hall yesterday. Upon his conscience he believed they should do wrong if they granted it. Sentiments had been avowed which should be regarded with caution by the people of the State. Yesterday, on that platform, there were sentiments uttered in favor of disunion, and God forbid that they should be allowed to come and utter such sentiments in this hall. In this crisis in political affairs, he hoped men would be firm, calm, quiet and resolute, looking at all questions with due regard for the interests of the Commonwealth and the country. They should do nothing to put in jeopardy our honor and consistency, and not volunteer to offer the use of this hall to those who utter sentiments contrary to those they have sanctioned by their votes. He was sorry for the course pursued by the Mayor of Boston, but this was not the way to respond to that act.

Mr. SEARS, of Boston, thought that if gentlemen would take a moment's second thought, the order would be rejected. If such a resolve as this is passed in this House, the consequences will be more serious than gentlemen may at first suppose. For the reason that he believed that every man should be protected in the right of free speech, he had voted for the proposition of the gentleman from Worcester, (Mr. Parker.) But this order is quite a different thing. To pass an order like this, in the present crisis of affairs, would, it seemed to him, be certain to settle at once and forever all attempts to adjust our national affairs. It is proposed to open this hall to men who proclaim doctrines that are treasonable—who proclaim their sympathy with disunion—who sanction invasions of other States. If the use of this hall is granted to such men, that proceeding will be taken to be an endorsement of their views; it will shut the mouths of Henry Winter Davis and his associates, who are endeavoring to undeceive the South, and to prove to it that the Republican party is conservative and national. The passage of such a resolve, he held, would make civil war sure, and upon the members of the Massachusetts Legislature would rest a fearful responsibility.

Upon motion of a member, the yeas and nays were ordered on the question of granting leave to introduce the resolve.

Mr. FRENCH, of Waltham, conceived it to be his duty, having taken an oath to support the Constitution, to vote against a resolve proposing to invite gentlemen to occupy the hall to advise the overthrow of the Constitution.

Mr. DAVIS, of Greenfield, moved the indefinite postponement of the resolve.

The SPEAKER. The motion is not in order, the resolve not being yet in the possession of the House. The question is on granting leave to introduce.

Mr. GIBBS, of New Bedford, thought that if there was a time for this body to study wisdom, it was the present. What hope have we, when we surrender this hall for such purposes?—what protection have we? Let us keep perfectly cool. For his part, he could not vote for the order. All the wisdom the nation has is now called together to save us from the horrors of war.

Mr. BARTLETT, of Weymouth, was in favor of free speech, but not of the free use of the Representatives' Hall. He thought the Hall ought to be closed against all purposes not immediately connected with legislation.

Mr. BRANNING, of Lee, remembered that the Abolitionists had, in years past, the use of the hall to denounce the Union as severely as they are capable of now doing. He thought that when Wendell Phillips told the South to "go, and stand not on the order of their going," he did not offend the Carolinians. If Toombs and Stephens came to Boston, Faneuil Hall would be opened—aye, "pon golden hinges turning." (Applause, and a very few hisses.) He was not afraid to meet his constituents, after voting for this order. Wendell Phillips and his associates are the only friends Carolina has here to-day. (Laughter, and some applause.)

Mr. TIRRELL, of Burlington, said the question was whether the State would come forward to uphold free speech. He was opposed to the sentiments of Mr. Phillips; but if Mr. Yancey had not been allowed to speak in Boston, he would ask the State to offer him proper protection. He did not conceive that the adoption of the order would be an endorsement of the sentiments of the Abolitionists.

Mr. BROWNELL, of Westport, had voted to allow the use of the hall to the same parties in 1858, and he was not afraid to do so again.

Mr. DEAN, of Pawtucket, presumed that there was but one opinion in the House upon the subject of free speech. He believed the city authorities of Boston should protect its own meetings, and if they don't now, the people of Boston will soon see to it that they do. He proceeded to argue that the adoption of the order would be injudicious and uncalled for.

Mr. PARKER held that the mob which had assailed Tremont Temple would not be afraid to attack the State House. His sympathies were strongly in favor of the order, but he feared in case of its adoption.

Mr. TYLER, of Boston, remarked that it appeared to be generally assumed that freedom of speech was not protected in Boston; but the charge was untrue. It is true Boston has its mobs, and so do other large cities. He fully agreed with the gentleman from Worcester, that if these peculiarly pugnacious gentlemen came up here, it would be expedient to have some physical

Poetry.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East to
West;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of
Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instanta-
neous throe,
While the travail of the Ages wrings earth's system to
and fro;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips
apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the
Future's heart.

So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies
with God
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by
the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler
clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or
wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast
frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or
shame;
In the gain or loss of one race, all the rest have equal
claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil
side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and
that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt
stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is
strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels to enshield her from all
wrong.

Backward look across the ages, and the beacon moments
see,
That like peaks of some sunk continent jut through Oblivi-
on's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low, foreboding cry
Of these Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet
earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath
passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; History's pages but re-
cord
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and
the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim
unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his
own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is
great;
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm
of fate;
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic eaves
within,—
"They enslave their children's children who make compro-
mise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,
Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched
the earth with blood,
Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,
Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey:—
Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless chil-

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to
be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands
aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had de-
nied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,—they were men that
stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious
stone;
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam
incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith di-
vine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood, and to God's supreme
design.

By the light of burning heretics, Christ's bleeding feet I
track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not
back;
And those mounts of anguish number how each generation
learned
One new word of that grand CREDO which in prophet hearts
hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to
heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr
stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots
burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the sacred ashes into History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a
crime!
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men
behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Ply-
mouth Rock sublime?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's;
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath
made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits
flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them
across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors
to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-
fires:—
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we in our
haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps
away,
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good
uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep
abreast of Truth!
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pil-
grims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the des-
perate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted
key.

The Liberator.

THE METHODIST CHURCH: IS IT PRO-SLAVERY OR ANTI-SLAVERY?

The Methodist Church is one of the chief members of that group of American churches which are the great bulwark of slavery. But since many Methodists say, in reply to this allegation, first, that it is the Methodist Church *South* which maintains slavery, and next, that the Northern division revised its Discipline upon this point only last year, it is necessary to show that though both these allegations are true, neither of them proves what it is assumed to prove. There is a difference between the church South and the church North upon this subject, and it is this: The former *actively* upholds slavery, defending and praising it. The latter *passively* upholds it, by tolerating it; by letting many slaveholders remain in its churches, in regular standing; by carefully avoiding the word *slaveholding* in its prohibitory clauses, substituting for it a circuitous form of words which has always been interpreted so as to allow the continuance of slaveholding; by expressly allowing the odious system of caste to be maintained in regard to "colored preachers and official members"; and by expressly declaring, in the Appendix, that the strongest of its expressions of censure against slavery are not obligatory upon the members, but only "*advisory.*"

I will speak, as briefly as possible, of both these matters; the division of the Church, and the revision of the "Discipline."

I. The division of the Methodist Church in this country into South and North.

This division was not made by the act of the Northern Church, but of the Southern.

The Southern Church seceded, because their Northern brethren would not consent that *the Bishops* should hold slaves. It was on this question only that the separation was made. Not only did the great body of Northern Methodists never attempt to prevent ordinary church-members from holding slaves, but they allow them to do this now in their own division of the church, and have done so ever since the separation, just as before.

II. The toleration of slaveholding by the "Discipline" of the Northern Church, and by its actual practice.

In the revision of this Discipline, made by the quadrennial "General Conference," which met last year at Buffalo, N. Y., a minority tried to introduce a condemnation of *slaveholding*. The Conference successfully resisted this attempt, and expressed what they wished to say about slavery in two places, as follows:—

1. Among the "General Rules," (p. 30,) Methodists are requested to avoid

"*The buying and selling of men, women and children, with an intention to enslave them.*"

2. The "Chapter on Slavery" (p. 266) reads as follows:

"SLAVERY.

Quest.—What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?

Answ.—We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery. We believe that the buying, selling or holding of human beings, to be used as chattels, is contrary to the laws of God and nature, and inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with that Rule in our Discipline which requires all who desire to continue among us to 'do no harm,' and to 'avoid evil of every kind.' We therefore affectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means."

These two passages comprise all that is said about slavery in the body of this book. Two questions now arise: Were these provisions *meant* to forbid and prevent slaveholding?—and, Do they actually accomplish the exclusion of slaveholders from good and regular standing in the Northern Methodist Church?

As to the first of these questions—

3. In the "Appendix" (p. xvii.) we find the following explanation of something that took place in the "General Conference"; an explanation which makes the "Chapter on Slavery" merely "advisory," and of course leaves it to the choice of members whether they will follow or disregard the advice.

"Whereas, during the pendency of the Chapter on Slavery, the following amendment was offered as explanatory of the chapter: 'Provided, that this section is understood to be only advisory,'

Resolved, That said amendment was rejected by this body because we regard the chapter in itself so clearly declarative and advisory as not to require any such explanation."—*Journal* 1860, p. 261.

Next, as to the question whether slaveholders are actually kept out of the Northern division of the Methodist Church—

4. In the "Boundaries of the Annual Conferences," (pp. 245 to 265,) we find the following slaveholding States, and parts of States, in this Northern Division:

"Baltimore Conference" (p. 245) includes part of the State of Maryland.

"East Baltimore Conference" (p. 248) includes part of the State of Maryland.

"Kentucky Conference shall include the State of Kentucky, excepting so much of that State as is included in the Western Virginia Conference."—(p. 253.)

"Missouri and Arkansas Conference shall include the States of Missouri and Arkansas."—(p. 254.)

"Philadelphia Conference" (p. 258) includes the whole of Delaware, and parts of Maryland and Virginia.

"Western Virginia Conference" (pp. 261–2) includes part of Virginia and part of Kentucky.

In every one of these Conferences, Methodist church-members continue to hold, buy and sell slaves.

5. In respect to *caste*, the daughter and the efficient supporter of slavery, the Discipline directly and formally submits to its dictation, as follows:—

On p. 122 is a Section entitled—"*The Rights and Privileges of our Colored Members.*" This is what it says:—

"Our Colored Preachers and official members shall have all the privileges which are usual to others in Quarterly Conferences, where the usages of the country do not forbid it."

Where the usages of the country do not forbid it! Is this the tone that the "salt of the earth" takes toward corruption?—that "the light of the world" addresses to thick darkness?

The "Discipline," containing all this evidence of the tolerance of slaveholding and *caste* in the Northern Methodist Church, is signed with the names of the Bishops, as follows:—

"THOMAS A. MORRIS, EDMUND S. JANES,
LEVI SCOTT, MATTHEW SIMPSON,
OSMON C. BAKER, EDWARD R. AMES."

John Wesley said that slavery is "the sum of all villany."

The Methodist Church South say that slavery is right and good.

If one of these may be called "hot," and the other "cold," then the Northern Methodist Church is "lukewarm," for it takes this mean and evasive intermediate position:—

It refuses to forbid slaveholding, but, instead, *advises* its members not to buy and sell men, women and children, with an intention to enslave them.

On the other hand—

It refuses to vote that the "Chapter on Slavery" is only advisory, but, instead, declares that this was refused "*because* we regard the chapter in itself so clearly declarative and advisory as not to require any such explanation."—C. K. W.

THE PRESIDENT'S FAST AND THE PULPIT.

Whether President Buchanan, when he appointed a public fast, was heathen enough to suppose that the Creator of the universe would make an exception of us, any more than of any other wicked people who run counter to unswerving justice, we cannot tell. We have nothing to do with James Buchanan's theory of piety. If his proclamation was moved by a sincere heart, well. But whether it was or not, it afforded the American pulpit an ostensible reason for speaking out for once, on the great national sin.

That the pulpit has been altogether too silent, on this subject, there can be no doubt. Is there any good reason why Christian ministers, whose business it is to teach in all matters of morality and religion, should not hold up the great fact of American Slavery, and examine it in the light of Christian truth? Is not this a duty which they owe, both to their people and the country? If, according to Vandyke, Palmer and Adams, the institution is God-given, or if it be from hell, the sooner we know it the better. If we are to adopt the creed, that it is a "trust committed to us by Providence," and that it is a Christian duty to perpetuate and extend it now and hereafter, because it is good for the slave and for the world, and for the stronger reason that it has the sanction of Scripture—then let the people understand it. If we are to adopt the opposite creed, as held by Cheever, Beecher and Kirke, then pray let all these gentlemen, and the profession they represent, on a subject so momentous, give us the arguments, pro and con, that we, the led, the taught, the instructed, may be able "to give a reason for the faith that is in us."

If "infidel," "vituperative" abolitionists, "infatuated" men and women who trust to the guidance of their own simple minds and honest hearts, rather than to the maxims of politicians and a hard theology, have heretofore done the loud talking and hard fighting, in not always the most graceful manner, or so acceptably to the clergy, then why may not the latter take up the work of putting the great question of the age on what they deem a proper footing? All abolitionists wish, or ever desired, is that the people should simply open their eyes, and look at the picture slavery presents, and then to interpret and pronounce upon it according to their own "sweet will." Let the public, South and North, exhaust the Scripture argument; and as we have had, in times past, a literal devil and a literal hell, we may now be compelled to acknowledge a literal system of oppression, engineered by a god no less conspicuous for his demoniacal amiabilities than the arch-fiend himself. If Drs. Palmer and Vandyke are doctors of Southern divinity, then it may be that their god and our devil are identical, and the position of their followers will so far be clearly defined in future.

It is to be hoped that the clergy will feel free to discuss this great subject hereafter, from their point of view. If they do not, then they must not complain if "infidel" abolitionists continue to work on in their way, to rid both the American Church and State of the one great obstacle to success. As the breach widens between the two sections of country, thoughtful people are beginning to see that a union between freedom and slavery is simply impossible. Every day will strengthen this conviction; and it is time honest men should feel themselves at last compelled to use their influence to induce such action as shall best comport with a truth so plain. It is inexcusable in any class of men whose professional habits fit them for investigation, to withhold a candid consideration of this great question. Every man who traces our present divisions to the discussion or "agitation" of this gigantic question, should ask himself whether the agitation would have taken place if the *fact*, in all its enormity, had not first existed. Abolitionism and personal liberty bills are but the remote effects of a cause, which it is a duty to examine, and, if possible, to remove. Can any rational man fail to see that there is but one cause of present alienation between North and South? Geographical position, commerce, climate, race, literature, religion, can furnish no solution of the difficulty. But for slavery, and this alone, the mission of this great country would be fulfilled, in a successful demonstration of the theory of self-government. Abolitionism has seen this; and when it has uttered the voice of warning, the cry has been, "Crucify it!" The future historian will do this move-ment justice.

But for the indifference of the American Pulpit to this great evil, during the last ten years, the cause of our present troubles would be far better understood by all classes of men; and it is possible that, in addition to a hearty conviction of the wrong of slavery, we should now be anxiously considering, in the spirit of amity, a plan for the abolition of slavery which would commend itself to a distracted country. If it be not too late, let clergymen of all denominations seriously consider what they may do, in future, to throw light on this subject, as moral and religious teachers.

Whatever disasters may come upon us now, we do not despair of having a Union, not indeed of free and slave States, but such a Union as may well take place when slavery shall have been heartily acknowledged as a wrong, and the resources of the country made available to devise and peaceably to execute a plan which shall do justice to all parties, while it rids the country of the great cause of all our woes. If "despotic" Russia can liberate 40,000,000 of serfs, cannot republican America liberate 4,000,000 slaves? Let the wise and the good of all sections of the country reason together, not for the extension, but for the extinction of slavery. W.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM ROBSON, ESQ.

WARRINGTON, (Eng.,) Jan. 5, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your abolition summer is verily at hand. Your harvest is ripening apace. How amazing the progress of the last two years! The Lord in mercy, to save your whole people from a spiritual corruption, without parallel since the days of Noah, has given forth his fiat, and America, like the winds and the waves of old, unconsciously obeys. I saw, when I was with you, that a separation of the States must be the first fruits of your emancipation labors, and would precede the end. It remains now to be seen how long sheer diabolism can be associated for its own ends. I do not believe in the power of evil to consociate for any harmonic purpose. The kingdom of the devil must end upon the earth; and now, as of old, purblind by selfishness, pride and malice, he helps on his own destruction in a separated South.

I believe in a separation of the States as inevitable, because I feel that if I were a Southerner, I should go for it myself. In Southern light, separation is seen as a triumph; in Northern light, as a disaster; and yet the end will prove that both South and North, in their respective judgments in this matter, are laboring under delusion. State separation will ultimate in two-fold emancipation. In the South, it will culminate in tearing off the shackles from the body of the slave; in the North, it will culminate in dissolving the spiritual shackles which bind and cramp the souls of your freest men. Injustice is always blind. In our Free-Trade struggle, our landholders were your South. They prophesied and believed in, after a fashion, their own ruin, from the repeal of the Corn Laws. If they could have separated their fortunes from the manufacturing interests, they would have done so, rather than have yielded. The result is proved to be a gain to all parties. Your slaveholders can separate, and will. It is the inevitable result of their position and convictions; and the moral cowardice of the North trembles for the result! Oh, how unworthy the American nation is of its origin and progress! There is far more faith in the devil, in lies and injustice, than in God and truth and righteousness; but the day is dawning, and the coming of the Lord draweth nigh. He comes to break in pieces your nation's covenant with death, and your agreement with hell, and the end is visibly his own work, and not another's. The Christianity of America—that which goes by its name—has no share in the triumph. Their conduct, translated into words, has its true utterance in the language of the demoniacs and the Gadarenes of old, addressed to the Lord—"What have we to do with thee? Depart from out of our coasts." But His mercy is ever over these; and, in the light of African Emancipation, we trust they will yet sing their hymns of gratitude to God that He was wiser than they, and better to them than all their fears.

I enclose you a draft on London, payable at sight, for £15—the contribution of Warrington friends to the great cause for the current year.

You will be glad to know that our dear friend, Miss S. P. Remond, is spending her Christmas vacation from college studies in lecturing in Scotland and the North of England.

My best love and warm sympathy to all old friends, wherever I am not forgotten, and especially to yourself, Mrs. Garrison, and other dear ones at home, in which my wife joins; and believe me, in the bonds of true Christian love,

Very truly yours, W. ROBSON.

WARRINGTON, (Eng.,) January 8, 1861.

I see the work of secession goes on bravely, and rejoice to see it. I only hope there will be enough of manliness in the North to leave the seceding States to go their own way, to their own place, without any attempt at compromise on the one hand, or any blood-shedding on the other. I confess I have not much fear of the fighting, because it is quite clear to me that raising sufficient funds to equip an army of eighty or one hundred thousand men would be impossible, and any smaller force would be sure to be beaten, in an armed contest between the States. As a rule, small invading forces are pretty nearly always beaten. The war of 1812 affords illustration enough of this maxim; and the reasons on which it is based are clear enough. The real danger is in the North eating dirt, as they have so often done before; but I will hope that a noble spirit animates the people of this generation. Though, when one reads of your disgraceful Sunday riots in Boston, hope in the intelligence and wisdom of the so-called gentlemen of your city wanes before the degrading fact. However, Wendell Phillips will redeem his generation from complete ignominy. One heroic man glorifies an age; and you have one NOBLEMAN extant amongst you, whether Boston believes it or not. Please to give him, with my kind remembrance, my acknowledgment of the debt I owe him for his noble defence of free speech in the Music Hall in Boston. His burning and scathing words must have gone, red-hot, into the souls—if they have any—of his puny opponents. He reminds me of those old Homeric warriors, who, single-handed, were strong enough to meet and vanquish a host of opposing myrmidons.

I am already beginning to speculate what the Abolitionists and the American Abolition Society will do, when the whole of the South has formed a confederacy on the diabolic principle of slaveholding—and I do not see my way clear to any conclusion. Will you, as our Anti-Corn Law League, dissolve yourselves, as a Society, when you have freed yourselves and your national States from all complicity with the abominable sin?—or, if not, what will you do? W. R.

LETTER FROM MRS. J. S. GRIFFING.

SALEM, (Ind.) Dec. 16th, 1861.

TO THE EDITOR:—My time, for the last three weeks, has been devoted to Lagrange, Noble and Steuben Counties in northern Indiana. This is, I think, more than an average of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the State, being opposed to all compromises with the South, upon any other ground than the abolition of Slavery. The people here and elsewhere, in these Western States, begin to read the logic of denying the right of property in man, and opposing all constitutional amendments that recognize or protect such property. They understand Slavery to be the cause of the present revolution, and its abolition the only terms of peace. They do not comprehend the necessity or the practicability of coercing the Southern States back into the Union to recover the damage that we have suffered from Slavery, and its legitimate robberies, nor to preserve our honor abroad, to which we can never have less just claim than while maintaining a Union whose chief bond is Chattel Slavery. So the people almost unanimously say, *Let them go*, and don't ask us to throw away money or life to bring them back. The loss of all they have taken is much less than the cost of recovery, leaving human life out of the question, and is, perhaps, not more than our share of the expenses of abolishing Slavery, which the South tell us is the absolute result of coercion.

So general is this feeling, that in the scores of meetings I have held within the last month, not one man has come forward to compare the advantages of the Union, and Government revenues, with the rights of the four and a half million of slaves, and the liberties of twenty millions more. With the people who are intelligently opposed to Slavery, and devout worshippers of the higher Law of Freedom, the sentiment of immediate emancipation is almost unlimited and universal; and they are instructing their Representatives and Senators in Congress to give to *Freedom* the benefit of the doubt expressed heretofore by lovers of Freedom, and now by lovers of Slavery, whether the Constitution gives any guaranty to Slavery that does or can make it secure in the States or the Territories of the Union. The women also demand to be heard in their remonstrance against the use of their money, their husbands and sons, to coerce South Carolina into the Union, and to desolate the country with a civil war, without a true purpose or principle. If these petitions and remonstrances are disregarded by the agents and the parties inaugurated to express the will of the people, the North will find enough to do at home, to reconcile the people to their perfidious, cowardly compromise of the clearly expressed sentiment of their constituents, without going to war to save the Union.

The school-houses are all thrown open to Anti-Slavery meetings, and old men and maidens, young men and mothers, come out, and Petitions, Resolutions, Remonstrances, overflowing houses, and general agitation, are the order of the day.

A few merchants, ministers and politicians, in the villages and county seats, trembling for their craft, and denying the rights of the slave, are playing the tyrant over the dupes whom they have subjugated; and in the spirit of mob law and ruffian insolence prevent the agitation of the question, as far as possible, throughout their empire.

The people will not always submit to this sickly, simpering domination of these self-constituted dictators of society.

A few days since, an old Quaker of intelligence and wealth, being denied the use of the Churches, Halls, and Court House, at the County seat, for an Anti-Slavery meeting, threw off his Quaker hat and coat—and, assuming the spirit of resistance, declared that, cost what it might, Free Speech should not be denied in his County. And after three days the Court House was opened, and the people thoroughly notified of the opposing forces, and their *names*, filled the house, and entered into a defiant league to maintain Freedom of Speech, and opposition to Slavery.

The existence of Slavery will never cease in this country without this resolute determination on the part of the North, to deny the right of its recognition any where—and to declare the right of Freedom every where. J. S. G.

TRIBUTE TO WENDELL PHILLIPS.

DEAR MR. GARRISON:—If you can spare a small space in your crowded columns, I should like to express my gratitude and delight, as a Massachusetts woman, for the last noble utterance of Wendell Phillips in Music Hall. In our quiet homes, we have been wearying over the everlasting Union-saving, compromise talk in which the papers so abound. At last, here comes something different—a speech to make our hearts beat, our eyes fill, our voices tremble, as we read it. "This tune goes manly." It is as if Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock had "broken into voice"!

"Shout for the good sword's ring!
Shout for the thought still truer!"

I have another another "reason for rejoicement,"—in seeing how it is proposed by some of the trembling slaveholders to "slough off New England." By all means. Could there be a finer compliment? Some of us, at least, are proud enough of the glorious distinction! But I still fear that our "glorious Union" will be patched again, or forcibly held together. Most of the sentiments I hear are warlike in their tone:—people cannot bear to have the public property run off with in such an impudent style; but it seems to me it would be better to let the South go—forts, arsenals, and all,—and "Thank God we are rid of a villain!" However, the feelings of a portion of the people of Massachusetts, legal voters, and *other persons* especially, have found expression in the words of Mr. Phillips. Come what will, we shall have these to point to and remember. It is glorious to look forward to that Future, perhaps not far distant, when this noble man will receive the homage so justly his due. How he is yet to be revered and idolized when his revilers are forgotten, or remembered only as they, too, deserve! What a debt of gratitude does Woman owe him as her faithful champion! I often wish the woman-degrading, falsely-styled "chivalry" of the South could see and hear this true knight, the finest specimen of *New England* chivalry, the product of her bleak and rocky shores! God bless him—and may he live to see every chain broken, and himself the king of hearts! Yours, truly,

A MASSACHUSETTS WOMAN.

Lowell, Jan. 23d, 1861.

Translated from the Boston Pionier, [German,] of Jan. 17.

A SURE WAY TO SAVE THE UNION.

Sharp—(Southern Representative of 'Law').—I have come here to settle with you for the outrages you have committed upon my rights.

Stupid.—(Northern Representative of 'Liberty').—Lord love you! I never meant to violate your rights. I am a friend to the Union and the Constitution.

Sharp.—You have violated the Constitution by bringing in question my right to my property.

Stupid.—Nay, I believe in it in your State.

Sharp.—What is of value in my State must also be in yours, for the Constitution protects property throughout the Union. But you believe in an irrepressible conflict.

Stupid.—You misrepresent me. Slavery becomes a subject of difference only when it leads to a lust for power.

Sharp.—Indeed! You will presently make it out that sickness is an evil only when it deprives us of health. Stay at home with your empty phrases! I will have my right to slavery as well as to power. Here is a revolver,—what offer will you make?

Stupid.—I did mean, to be sure, that the time for compromises was past, but I was n't thinking of revolvers. O, I'm quite ready for a compromise. Your property shall be protected, and whoever attacks it, hanged.

Sharp.—That 's understood, of course. What more?

Stupid.—You shall have a part of the territories.

Sharp.—I must have them all, if I want.

Stupid.—Slavery shall be sacred in your State.

Sharp.—It shall be so in yours too.

Stupid.—I will hunt your slaves, if I may only put on gloves.

Sharp.—I will have power to hunt you yourself, and that without gloves, but with the cowhide.

Stupid.—What more, then, shall I do to appease your wrath? I only desire to act for peace and union. Demand what you will.

Sharp.—My black slaves are not enough for me. I will have white ones, and you shall be the first.

Stupid.—If the Union demands it, so be it; for, before the Union, everything else must give way.

Sharp.—Come here! let me handcuff you, and, that I may see if you have devotion, patience and courage, lay yourself over that bench, and I will count out to you half a hundred by way of trial. At every stroke do you cry out, enthusiastically: Hurrah for the Union!

A MEANS OF DELIVERANCE.

A.—I am weary of life, and should like much to be hanged or killed; but I could wish first to commit some act worthy of the gallows. What shall I do? At the South here, it is now a difficult matter to earn for one's self a claim to a halter. We have here now the greatest of criminals, who does not deserve the gallows, and does not thirst after blood.

B.—Kill some travelling Northerner, the most innocent possible.

A.—Then I should be elevated, not to the gallows, but to the captaincy of the militia.

B.—Then commit high treason, and surrender yourself to Mr. Buchanan.

A.—In that case, I should run the risk of being made Minister.

B.—Well, then, go to the free cities,—New York or Boston, for example,—and make a speech against blood-thirsty slavery, and you will be sure of being killed under the protection of the law, because you—"thirst after blood."—*Ibid.*

Selections.

MR. SEWARD AND THE LIBERATOR.

"Mr. Seward," says the *Daily Advertiser*, "escapes the dangerous praise of the *Liberator* by his patriotic speech." This strikes us as rather a dangerous remark, in connection with the well known fact that Mr. Sumner and Gov. Andrew are never named by the *Liberator* but with the most generous and unqualified praise. These gentlemen are to be congratulated for a strength of political constitution which enables them to survive these dangerous doses of Abolition praise. The *Liberator* does not praise Mr. Seward, as will be seen by the following liberal extract from their editorial article commenting upon his recent speech. * * * *

We ask our readers to ponder carefully these telling and effective sentences, and to ask themselves whether there is not a good deal of truth as well as of force in them. They serve to show the degree of power which a man like Mr. Garrison wields, who plants himself upon an immutable principle, and firmly stands there, regardless of consequences. And the power which such a man wields is irrespective of the fact whether this principle be right or wrong, wise or unwise. Mr. Garrison's principle is opposition to African slavery. For this alone he lives. Slavery is to him not only the greatest of evils, but the only evil. Frankly and boldly he is laboring for the dissolution of the Union, on the ground that it is morally wrong to form any political association with a slaveholding community. To him the Constitution is "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell;" all slaveholders are pirates and manstealers; John Brown was the noblest and bravest of heroes; and all compromises of moral principle are inadmissible. His path of duty lies as clear before him as the travelled highway. He has no temptation to turn to the right hand or the left. He has no doubts, no misgivings, no questionings. Onward, straight onward, like the flight of an arrow through the air, does he move to his aim. It is not necessary for us to disclaim all sympathy with the ends and objects for which Mr. Garrison lives. To us, he and his party are all wrong; but they are consistently, manfully, and resolutely wrong. We never read a speech or an article of Mr. Garrison's without a consciousness of the power which his deep and fervid convictions give him. And in this aspect and relation, we recognize in him a certain superiority over a man like Mr. Seward. The incurable weakness of Mr. Seward's position is that he is ever halting between two opinions. The task he has set to himself is this, to rouse the anti-slavery sentiment of the North just far enough to put the Republican party into power, and no farther. This fearfully combustible and explosive power must be put in requisition, but not a hair of the Constitution's head must be singed, and the smell of fire must not be upon the Union. Mr. Seward wants a manageable whirlwind, a storm that will blow his ship into harbor, and then cease to howl. Hence it comes that his whole course as a statesman and a public man is tainted with inconsistency and insincerity. He is obliged to say one thing at Washington, and another at Rochester: one thing in the spring, and another in the autumn. On the stump he is bold, sharp and decisive: in the Senate Chamber he is cautious, discreet and conservative. He blows hot and cold: he speaks with two voices: he backs and fills: he utters a brave threat, and then seems to shrink back from the echo of his own voice. We would undertake to make up a cento from Mr. Seward's speeches during the last ten years, which would present as marked a contrast as the black and white squares of a chess board. And this mournful inconsistency is the inevitable penalty exacted from the leader of a party, the distinctive principles of which are inconsistent with the continuance of this Union. The Republican party must abandon the principles on which and by which they have achieved success, or this Union is at end. Republican leaders and Republican editors may disclaim and protest, and abuse their opponents, and glorify themselves, and prattle about their love of the Union and their reverence for the Constitution as much as they like; but here is just where we stand. The PEOPLE of the Northern States have come to the dividing of the ways; the question before them is just this: which do you prefer, the triumph of the Republican party or the continuance of this Union?—*Boston Courier.*

THE ABOLITION CONVENTION WHICH WAS NOT HELD.

The mountain labored, and brought forth a mouse. Utica labored, and brought forth nothing. About half-past two o'clock yesterday afternoon, a crowd of about fifty persons, possibly seventy-five, gathered at the entrance of Mechanics' Hall. A few came there to see; but the majority bore on their countenances the evidence of a stern resolve. There was not one in all that heroic band who was not ready to sacrifice life, liberty, and happiness in the glorious cause of preventing several individuals from giving vent to their "dangerous" abolition principles, or to prevent a row. Prominent in the crowd, we noticed several distinguished representatives of the muscle of the city. Also conspicuous were various Aldermen, looking a little pale and nervous, yet evidently firm in their determination to face the enemy, at whatever cost. All were resolved that there should not be a row; and they patiently waited for the rioters to come. The wind blew very cold up Hotel street, causing the protectors of Utica's good name to grow blue and shivery. Still they waited, and still vainly waited they, till muttered curses began to be heard, and low, but strong denunciations of "Beriah" and his whole party. No audience came, no Beriah came; and the chivalrous ones waxed more and more disgusted. Some laughed in their sleeves, others sneaked around the corner, while still others stood off at a distance to watch the progress of events. Perhaps a dozen persons came and inquired where the meeting was, and why it did not go off; but they were told, in an ominous tone, that the meeting would not be held, as the hall had been refused. At last, Mr. Green and Miss Anthony were seen approaching. On they came, passed quietly through the party of men assembled about the doors, and formally demanded admittance to the hall, as they had engaged it and made arrangements for it some weeks ago. On the strength of this engagement, they claimed the right to occupy it, and asked that the doors should be opened. But they were informed that the Directors of the hall had deemed it best not to allow them to hold their convention there, and consequently Mr. Green and Miss Anthony, when they had finished their conference with the Directors, turned to go. Mayor Grove was present, and to prevent any unpleasant scenes, offered to escort Miss Anthony, through the crowd, which had now grown to the dimensions of over a hundred persons. The rabble followed along behind, anxious to see the celebrities; but after a time they concluded there was to be no row, and, exceedingly disappointed, they dispersed.

Thus ended the grand demonstration against the Abolition Convention. Great efforts had been made to get up an agitation, and tremendous exertions put forth to allay the excitement and prevent a riot. The consequence was, that there was ten-fold the crowd that there would have been had the matter been allowed to pass along in the natural way, and Beriah Green and Miss Anthony permitted to "have their say." It is hard to determine which most deserve the name of fanatics, the abolitionists or those who are so rabidly opposed to them as to hire rowdies and roughs to break up their meetings.

There was no attempt made by the abolitionists to hold a meeting elsewhere, as they did not wish to have any trouble with those who oppose them. This demonstration is about on a par with the free-love mob which occurred about a year since in this city, when a free-lover was rode on a rail: and we sincerely hope that all who have dabbled in it are now fully satiated—not only those who furnished means and encouragement to the rowdies, but the poor tools themselves.

It gives us pleasure to say, that so far as we know, Mayor Grove's course in the matter has been creditable to him as an *officer* and a man. Sheriff McKown also had made such preparations as became an officer charged with the enforcement of the laws.—*Utica Herald, Jan.* 15.

A BAD PRECEDENT.

It is not to be regretted that the Abolitionists did not hold their Convention here as announced. The cause of regret is, the demonstration of a mob spirit that elects itself censor of what shall and shall not be said. The Directors of the Mechanics' Association acted prudently in refusing the use of their hall, when it became evident that the mob would take possession of it if the Convention were admitted. The Common Council certainly usurped a power which they had no more *right* to exercise, than they have to the prerogatives and privileges of Brigham Young, when they assumed to express *their* "disapprobation" of the proposed gathering. Any censorship of speech would be intolerable; but of all censorships, save us from that of the Common Council.

But the secret gathering by which it was resolved that this Convention should be prevented, was the most dangerous thing as a precedent that could well be devised. A secret meeting, called by notes headed "confidential" and signed "Union," convened in a private law-office, to prevent a public Convention, is a step in despotism that cannot be tolerated. The prominent men, to whom the people have shown favor, and who have sworn to support the laws, attack by such proceedings the very foundation of society and order, and commit offences in comparison with which the fanaticism of these peripatetic few is harmless. At that meeting steps were taken which led to the special meeting of the Council, though the Mayor refused to call it. It was there that an organization was effected for seizing the control of the Convention if it had met, and by sheer force taking the meeting from the hands of those who leased the hall. It was there that an appeal was made to mob law by men who can ill afford to let loose that tiger. You, men of Utica, gathering in secret conclave to put a curb on free speech; to forbid a public meeting, and to organize a mob to take possession of it; to take steps for letting violence run roughshod over old men and women, misguided truly, but yet having rights; you but inaugurate here a spirit that you may live to rue. Others may hold secret gatherings as well as you; and stranger things have happened than that the martyr and the persecutor exchange places.

Sincere regret that men, such as some of those who sat in that conclave are, should be engaged in such a movement, will be generally felt, and they hereafter will join in the feeling. We spare them the storm of indignation, which the publication of their conspiracy in its details, with the names of the actors and *the advisers*, would be sure to cause.—*Utica Herald, Jan.* 15.

☞ This Convention was subsequently held in the parlor of Mr. J. DeLong, at Utica, when the following resolutions, offered by Rev. Beriah Green, were adopted:—

Resolved, That at such an hour as this, when the bearing of American Slavery on the character and destiny of our country has awakened general discussion among our fellows, we, who have identified ourselves with human nature, may well be expected to proclaim and commend the convictions, which, on a subject so momentous, have fastened themselves on our inmost spirits.

Resolved, That we rejoice that this we offered in good faith and sober earnest to attempt in the Convention, for which the Mechanics' Hall, in this city had been regularly contracted.

Resolved, That we abhor and condemn the lawless act, by which the doors of our own "hired house" were rudely and insolently closed against us.

Resolved, That we can, by no means, consent to plunge into the yawning gulf of absurdity, guilt and degradation, in which, when the claims of Humanity are urged, the majority of our fellows, both in Church and State, lie prostrate.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves anew to God our Saviour, to our enslaved countrymen and to each other, to devote arm and soul to the lofty enterprise to which, as Abolitionists, we have all along been consecrated.

Resolved, That the Mayor of this city, in offering to protect our cherished and honored sister, Susan B. Anthony, in WALKING, acknowledged himself able to protect her in TALKING; and is to be held responsible accordingly.